No. 1853.

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June 21, 1939

The BYSTANDER

June Travel Section : Cambridge May Week

"Women in Uniform"—(1) The Red Cross

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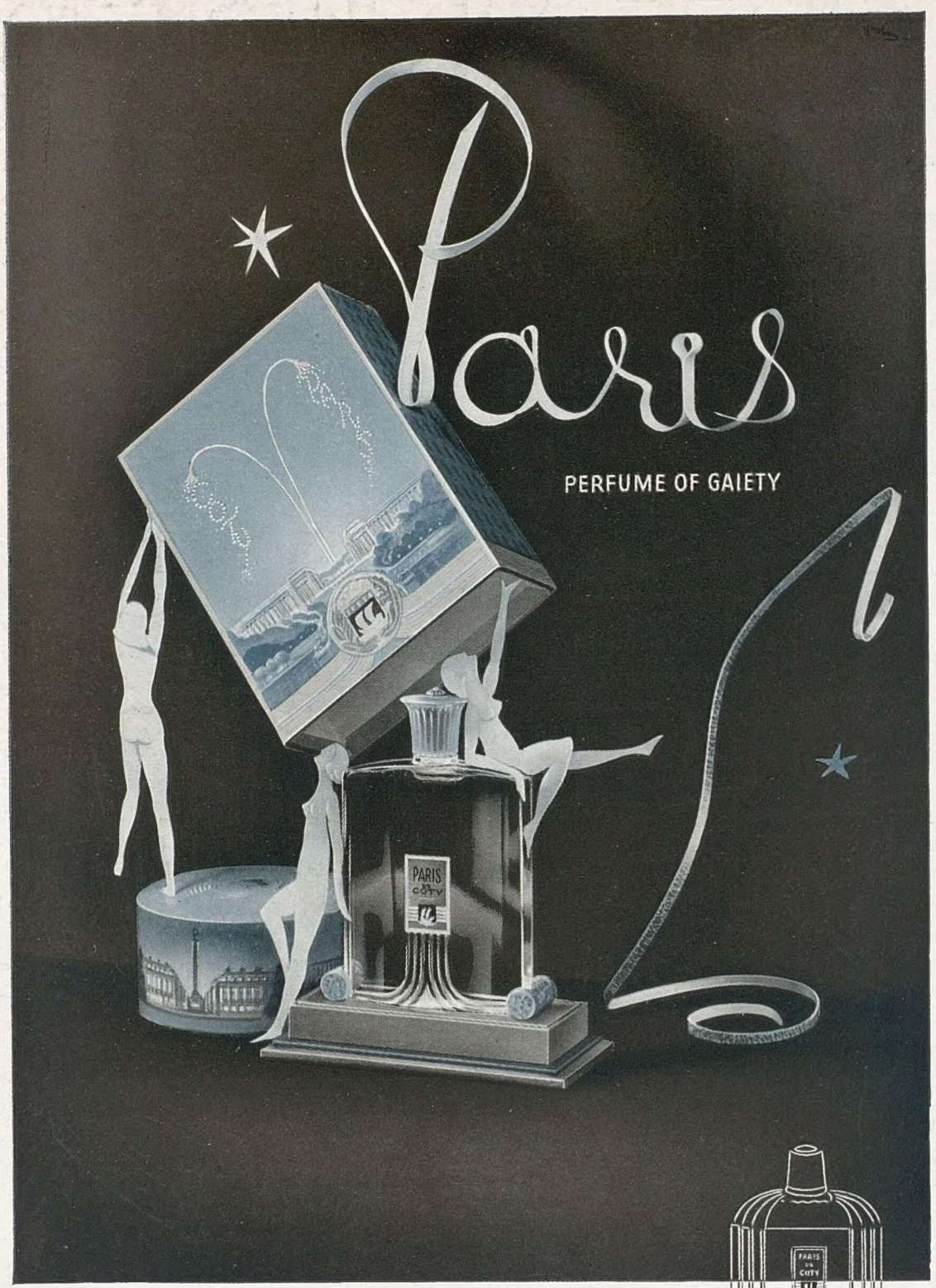

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The Bystander

Anthony

Tatiana Riabouchinska—Golden Ballerina

The Russian ballet season has opened at Covent Garden in an atmosphere of intense interest and expectation this year. Not the least of this centres round Riabouchinska, whose dancing during the company's winter tour of Australia is said to have reached new heights of artistry and technical precision. This week London can judge for itself from her performances in *Cendrillon*, *Jeux d'Enfants*, one of her most perfect interpretations, *Blue Bird*, and her incomparably light *Sylphides*. Next week she is the Golden Cockerel of *Le Coq d'Or*, another of her most individual and inimitable roles, in which this study of her was made. Monday was the first night of the six-weeks' season of the Russian company, whose official name—Educational Ballets—continues somewhat to impede the speech of its supporters and surely must give a fantastically inappropriate impression of dry uplift to newcomers

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE situation in the Far East is extraordinarily dangerous. I hate to seem unduly pessimistic, but it does look to me as if the Japanese blockade at Tientsin is the beginning of much worse things. First of all it is beautifully timed to fit in with the lull on the Axis front in Europe. For some weeks now Berlin and Rome have been quiet. The flare-up in the Far East takes place at a moment that is too beautifully arranged to be a coincidence.

SECONDLY, it can so easily turn into a "try-out" to see what England and France are prepared to do in defence of their interests. It began with a demand for four Chinese accused of murder. It may easily end in a demand for all English and French possessions east of Singapore. After all, there is no essential difference between handing over the four men and handing over Hong Kong. Our only possible courses of action are to do precisely what Japan tells us, or, alternatively, to retire to Singapore and declare a comprehensive trade boycott, neither alternative being really a very pleasant one. In a couple of years, of course, our new battleships will be ready and we will be able to do what we like, but no one is going to be silly enough to wait that length of time for us.

MR. STRANG is now in Moscow, and the negotiations are going on. As I said last week, it is a step in the right direction. But surely a Minister might have gone with Mr. Strang to show that this country really is in earnest! Even if Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax are too busy, why hasn't Mr. Butler, the Under-Secretary, been sent?

A DEPARTMENT of Information is to be formed with Lord Perth as boss. It is a queer choice. The head of a Foreign Publicity Department ought to know three things—the psychology of the foreigner, the psychology of the British, and methods of advertising. Lord Perth may be an expert on the first of these, but he knows nothing whatsoever about the other two. How could he, poor chap? He has been out of England since 1919, first at Geneva and then at Rome, and he has been famous throughout his life for self-effacement. There is one man above all others fitted to be Minister of Information to-day, as he was twenty-two years ago, and that is his Lordship of Beaverbrook. And he should have Mr. Beverley Baxter at his elbow.

LORD CHATFIELD has made a reassuring speech about Britain's preparedness, and there seems to be no doubt that now at last the factories are producing the aircraft and the guns at a very great speed. But one question was asked (by Lord Davies) which Lord Chatfield, so far as I can make out from the reports, did not answer. It was a question that has been asked a good many times in the last few months, and never yet has a Government spokesman dealt with it. The question is this: "Why do we export increasing amounts of scrap-iron every week to Germany when everyone knows that scrap-iron is one of the things that Germany wants for making munitions?" Month by month the figures of our export go up, and the same thing applies also to France.

MR. MABANE has been appointed Assistant Postmaster-General, and one more National Liberal goes to the Government Front Bench. I rather fancy that only one of that stalwart band is now a Back Bencher. And in spite of this, there are persistent rumours that Sir John Simon, the Tom Bowling of the crew, is likely to drop the word "Liberal" in the near future and stand simply as a National. It seems an odd moment to choose to abandon a title which is now carried by an army of generals with only one single private soldier.

THE Government has decided to have a free vote in the House of Commons on the subject of flogging. So there is still one more chance for the Conservative ladies to save the main plank in their political platform. It will be interesting to see the division lists when the vote is taken, and to discover exactly which members are under the thumb of those indefatigable floggers.

MR. A. P. HERBERT has lost his battle against the Buchman group. The President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Oliver Stanley, has formally given them permission to call themselves the Oxford Group, and he has had the blessing of Lord Hugh Cecil, once Burgess of the University and now Provost of Eton. I long for the day when an American from Texas will form a baseball club, with its headquarters in London, and call it "The Old Etonians." Would the Provost of Eton be quite so smug about that?

LORD WIMBORNE will be remembered outside his own circle of friends by three things. He organised and very largely financed the Hurlingham polo team of four brilliant young Cavalry captains which, just before the war, defeated the Americans at Meadowbrook; he figured in some of Mr. Hilaire Belloc's most famous epigrams; and when the management of the Ritz asked him to sell Wimborne House for an extension

(*Concluded on page 454*)

***At Sudbury, Ont.,** the King and Queen dressed up to go half a mile down the Frood nickel mine*

Smiles

Royal, Presidential and Spectatorial

To-morrow King George and Queen Elizabeth return to the mother country of their Empire, all too ready, we dare say, for a quietish English summer at Windsor and Sandringham. From their weeks of ceaseless ceremony, contact and sight-seeing there will stand out for them certain memories, and what these are none will say. But for the public here and on the American continent, the most satisfactory features of the Royal tour must be the personal sympathy which seems to have sprung up at once between the King and the President, an understanding favoured by the informal nature of the Roosevelt reception of royalty—a reception which included a greeting of "Well, how are you?", a picnic, a swim, and a hot-dog meal; and the satisfaction afforded to hundreds of thousands of subjects who have seen, or even spoken to, their sovereigns

The King, *in the uniform of Admiral of the Fleet, rides with President Roosevelt to the White House at Washington*

The Queen *draws a burst of delighted laughter from the womenfolk of British officials during the Embassy garden party at Washington*

***Downing Street to Kremlin** was the itinerary last week of Mr. William Strang, chief of the Central European department of the Foreign Office, who was sent off by the Government to act as a catalyst in the Anglo-Russian negotiations. He took with him a good knowledge of the Slav temperament and tongue, a portfolio full of new suggestions. Here he poses at Heston before the hop to Warsaw, after which he went on to Moscow by train*

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 452)

of their hotel, he simply replied by asking them to sell him their hotel for an extension of his house. He died only a day or two after another Hurlingham team failed to win the Westchester Cup, and one of his nephews was playing back for the Americans.

SIR DOUGLAS HACKING, Conservative Chief, has practically stated in set terms that there will be a General Election this autumn, if there is no war. So another of my confident prophecies falls to the ground. Presumably the Election will be immediately after the new register comes out — that is to say, in the last week of October.

***Mr. Gerald Brockhurst** has been commissioned by the Duke of Windsor to paint a portrait of the Duchess. The R.A. went over to Paris and had nearly a dozen sittings in the big drawing-room of the Boulevard Suchet house, brought back the painting complete save for the jewellery and dress details, which he is finishing in his Chelsea studio—as herewith*

UNDETERRED, however, by my unfortunate experiences in the disguise of Old Moore, I come back resilient as ever and plump for Henry Cotton to win the Open Golf Championship. Locke, of South Africa, Bruen, of Ireland, and Lawson Little, of America, may run him hard, but I for one don't think they will catch him.

EVERY reader of the BYSTANDER, I know, will join me in wishing a speedy recovery for Miss Gracie Fields after her serious operation. There can be very few people in the English-speaking world who have not enjoyed her gay and gallant art, either on the stage or the screen.

THE famous Labour Member of Parliament for Silvertown, Mr. Jack Jones, is not going to stand at the next election, and Parliament will lose one of its brightest personalities. It was Mr. Jones who exclaimed during a debate on the Iraq Mandate, "It's not Mesopotamia I am worrying about: it's the mess up at 'ome 'ere."

IT was fifty years ago last week that *The Wrong Box*, one of the funniest books ever written, was published. There are many people who know the book almost by heart and there are more, strangely enough, who have never even heard of it. Not to know the immortal character of Michael Finsbury is not to have lived. Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, who wrote most of the book, is still alive, but although he wrote most of it, one cannot but suspect that Robert Louis Stevenson put in most of the touches which have made Michael the man he is.

LADY ASTOR has offered a sixty-acre farm on the island of Jura to Mr. David Kirkwood, and Mr. Kirkwood has very naturally refused the offer. It is a farm on a deer forest, and the land, from all accounts, is pretty barren. This sort of offer may look like a sporting gesture; but it doesn't really answer Scotland's real grievance, which is not that barren land has been turned into deer forests by the English and the Americans, but that fertile land was taken and is still being taken. One-sixth of the whole area of Scotland is now deer forests, mostly in the hands of foreigners.

A REFUGEE arrived the other day at a British port with no possessions in the world except a sewing-machine. To keep her sewing-machine was her one chance of supporting herself in a strange land. The authorities demanded 9s. 4d. duty, and the girl had no money at all. So the porters had a whip-round among themselves and collected the money and gave it to the Customs, and the sewing-machine was saved. But surely things have come to a pretty pass when the Government has to take the money of poor and generous men on a pettifogging little detail of red tape.

NO more ranking-lists are to be issued by the Lawn Tennis Association because they are afraid that players get cross with each other about their positions in the lists. And also players who are high on the lists are apt to shirk playing against those below them for fear of being beaten. Really, lawn tennis is an extraordinary game!

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and Mr. Christie

Ascot together were the Marquess daughter and Hector Christie, is a Yorkshire neighbour at Jervaulx Abbey. Her member of the Jockey Club

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Drummond-Moray

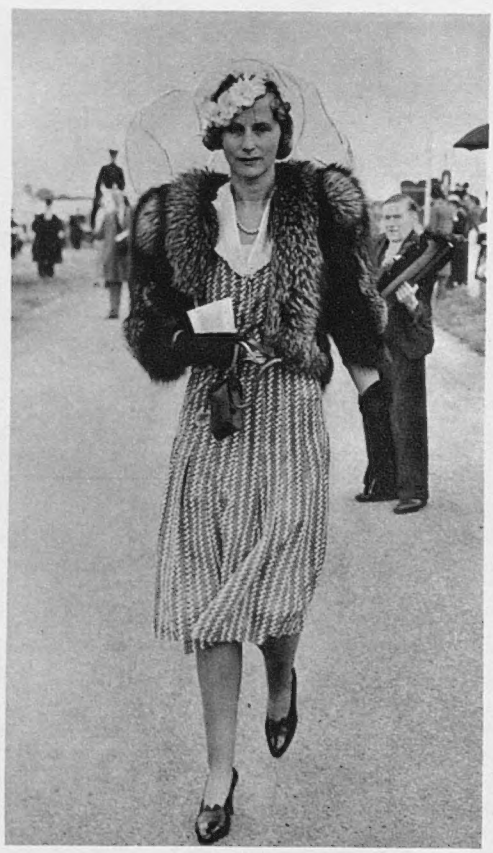
The Drummond-Morays came over to Ascot from their Chobham house, the Ford. They were married last year. Mrs. Drummond-Moray was Bridget Robertson, daughter of Charles Robertson, of Begbroke Place, Oxford. He was formerly in the Scots Guards

Lord and Lady George Scott

Another couple doing their first Ascot since they married were the Duke of Buccleuch's brother, Lord George Scott, and his wife, who was Molly Bishop, who were photographed together on Hunt Cup day

Lady Warrender

Lady Warrender wore another biggish hat with a flowing veil, a gaily patterned black-and-white dress, and a shiny black bag of nice useful proportions



Lady Manton

Typical of the 1939 Ascot was Lady Manton, in her short-skirted dress, small flowered hat and fox furs. She was Mrs. Player before her marriage to Lord Manton, as his second wife, last year

Lady Napier and Mrs. Touche

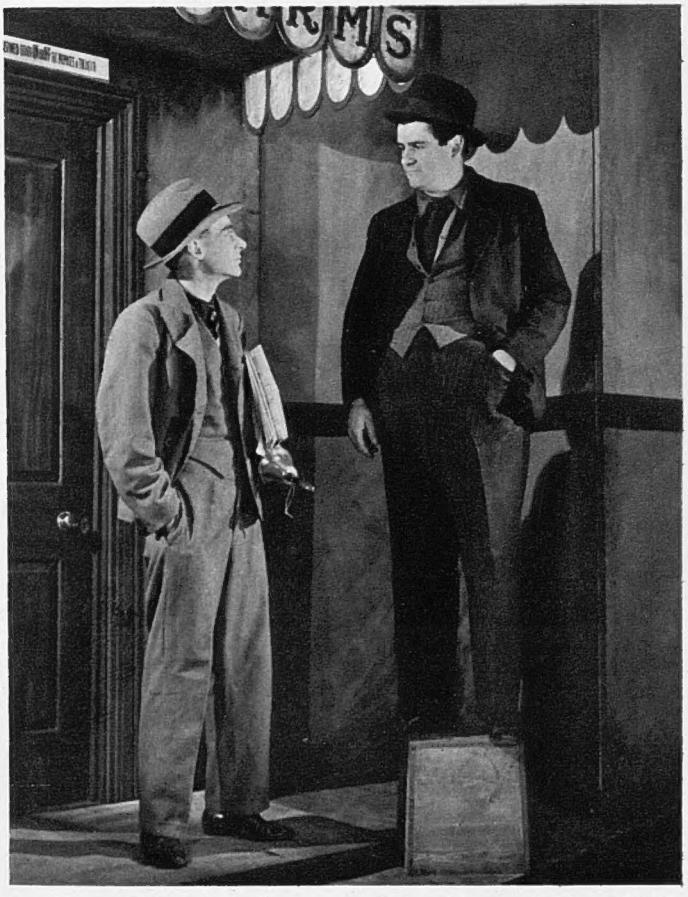
Sir Joseph Napier's wife and Mrs. George Touche were dressed in the same simple style, which was the Royal Enclosure keynote. Outside it no sun and no Royal procession subdued even the "Ascot oddities"—the women who love to dress up in trailing and be-flounced "creations" and pose for the photographers

"Rhondda Roundabout"

A vividly realistic play of life in the Rhondda Valley, at the Globe Theatre

War-shattered Captain Felton is brilliantly portrayed by Raymond Huntley. Here, during one of his attacks of madness, he is protected from the mocking Bandy Bowen (a champion boxer) by Doreen Pierce. Bowen loves Doreen; Doreen loves Felton. The spirit of the stricken Rhondda Valley is interpreted in Bowen's speech before the final curtain: "We Rhondda chaps have got to fight right up to the bell"

Shoni Lloyd is the typical miner, possessing qualities of quiet strength and dignity that have endured the devastation of the ruined valley. Mervyn Johns, perfectly cast, suggests all this supremely well. Another good characterisation is the bookmaker, Big Mog. Though the devil personified to churchgoers, he has a big heart. He gives back much of his earnings to the needy, and has adopted Captain Felton out of pity. The play by Mr. Jack Jones was reviewed in last week's issue of the "Bystander"



Communists Mordecai Jones and Dai Hippo (George Devine), prepare for a meeting. The local "firebrands" are interrupted by the passing of a funeral cortège, bearing bodies from the pit explosion

Llew Rhondda, the old choirmaster, knows only two pieces, Handel's "Messiah" and Mendelssohn's "Elijah." The fussy little insurance man, William Rees, tries to comfort him before he conducts his last oratorio

The Theatre

Shakespeare in Regent's Park

LONDON, the newspapers tell us, whenever there happens to be a week or two of sunshine, is not particularly well organised for the open-air life. There may be something in this conventional plaint if your cosmopolitan tastes set up a burning desire to eat and drink on the pavements, but if you are a typical Englishman, passionately devoted to cricket, and rather liking Shakespeare, and having, if life has been good to you, the kind of work which can, at a pinch, be done to-morrow, London this flaming June has not been without powerful temptations to sit in the sun. It has been only too easy for the properly constituted Englishman to doze in the heat of the day at Lord's and after an admirable dinner in some cool interior to find himself stretched out in a deck-chair while *Much Ado About Nothing* was played on the sylvan stage of the Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park.

For this theatre, now in its seventh season, has become a popular habit. People have taken to dropping in, as they drop in to the cinema, pretty certain of finding a seat in the vast auditorium, even though lots of other people have had the same happy idea. Some like to go in the afternoon, but I, personally, find the effort to concentrate on the stage from a semi-recumbent position through torrents of sunshine oddly exhausting, and much prefer the cool of the evening when the last rays of the sun begin to be gently interlaced with gilding lime-light and the whole scene slowly composes itself in terms of gossamer and moonlight.

GIVEN decent weather, the theatre should this summer impress itself more deeply than ever on popular favour. Robert Atkins, working here during the past seven years, both as actor and producer, has now an experienced sense of the effects that are within (and outside) the individual and collective compass of players dealing with open-air conditions. His present production is a model of unobtrusive ingenuity. The comedy has been broadened, but so gently broadened that the process passes unnoticed, and we are given the open-air equivalent of a theatrical performance proper.

The Beatrice and the Benedick are excellent. Cathleen Nesbitt's excellence is not in the Ellen Terry tradition, which takes as its keynote the line: "A star danced and under that was I born." It is rather in its power of suggesting how nimbly and how graciously a high-mettled lady, capable of dominating a state, might lead a social group in which a point is made of treating more or less in the spirit of art all the little things of life. The swift demand, "Kill Claudio," reveals the real woman. D. A. Clarke-Smith plays up most skilfully to this conception, getting the fullest possible measure of fun from Benedick's special vanity as a professed woman-hater without letting him appear a fool in graver matters. Less well-matched perhaps are Cecil Ramage and Tristan Rawson, as the two princes of courtesy, the former having the advantage of a voice well suited to the nicely enamelled prose in which their exchanges of cordiality or irony are made, and Margaret Vines is not very happily cast as Hero, but the performance, as a whole, gives the new season a most propitious beginning.

A. V. C.

Love in bloom in Regent's Park: Hero, an injured innocent (Margaret Vines), and Claudio, a jumper-to-conclusions (Christopher Quest)

Dirty dog of Messina: Don John (Earle Grey)

Beatrice shelters behind her mask when the amorous Benedick appears (Cathleen Nesbitt and D. A. Clarke-Smith)

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

WHETHER or not we 're right in detecting in that newly-issued manual of *savoir-faire,* militia, for the use of, the practised hand of Ian Hay, there can be no doubt that this handbook is a little masterpiece of tact, and even charm. Its already celebrated appeal to the better-off kind of what the French vulgarly call " conscripts " not to flash their wealth is extremely sporting and ethical, though whether fallen human nature can respond is another matter. Even in the military system of the Republic of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality (or Death), where a youthful peer deriving his blazon from Charlemagne may be cursed and chivvied by a bricklayer from Montrouge, a conscript private soldier with a little money may occasionally, they say, find means of smoothing his arduous way to some extent ; and living in a rough-and-tumble world where large numbers of citizens are susceptible at some time or another to a *douceur,* we feel such Facts of Life should have been recognised by the military authorities. With great tact, the handbook might have hinted at (say) the right and the wrong way and time to buy a sergeant beer, and the correct method of responding in public and private to the cry, alleged to have been recently raised by an N.C.O. in a Regular barrackroom, " What About My Easter Present ? "

We hope, incidentally, you don't think we 've suggested that *everybody on earth* is responsive to The Dough. It makes us awfully hot and worried to think you may possibly have misunderstood us. Many kinds of responsible people in this country, at least, are pure as the driven snow, including politicians (as the Marconi Case showed) and provincial mayors with relatives in the building trade. Also journalists, policemen, and every kind of big business man and lawyer. This is not the case abroad, as you know, and in our view this fact has a lot to do with that permanent British irritation with foreigners.

Bashibazouk

THAT was a fine scorny bellow in the *Daily Sketch* correspondence columns, we thought, from an old soldier, signing himself " Steelback," who described the present troops, more or less, as a pack of pampered sissies. This old janissary had himself lived in barrack-huts on the Curragh in the 1880's, and his description of Army life in those days was pretty macabre, reminding one that Kipling sedulously avoided sketching *à la* Balzac the actual conditions under which Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd existed when at home (it must have been luxury in India), and we don't blame him. " Brutal " is the word. For example, these were apparently the married quarters at the Curragh in 1884, four families occupying each 24 ft. by 12 ft. hut :

> A lane of brown blankets reaching from the door to the farther end of the room, leaving a passage space of about 2 ft. 6 ins. . . . The whole length was divided into four. In the space between the blankets was the furniture. This consisted of two barrack-room cots, etc., etc.

Sergeants got 2s. 4d. a day, corporals 1s. 8d., privates a shilling. Curtains, blinds, and breakages had to be paid for, and generally speaking the War Office of the 'eighties still thought it was the Waterloo period, though flogging had been abolished, to the regret of many brass-hats. " We had plenty of intestinal fortitude in those days," added this old soldier, " and it was necessary. In my opinion the soldier of to-day is treated like a spoilt child."

Whether the voice of the Ancestral Bore telling the Younger Generation what hardships he suffered, what a stout fellow he was, and, by inference, what poofs they are, ever does much good, beyond making the Y.G. want to knock the A.B.'s block off, we couldn't say. It 's a common human failing, and makes aged men excessively disliked ; for which reason we have made up our mind, when the last phase comes, that we will do nothing but flatter the ears of youth (something in the manner of P. G. Wodehouse's Oldest Member) with sweet stories and honeyed apothegms and gentle gnomic discourse, proving to them how wonderful they are and how truly, truly enviable, the pimply rats.

(Concluded on page 462)

" We haven't been on spooking terms since Hallowe'en . . ."

" This is our 'femme fatale' model, madam. The price includes a small pearl-handled revolver "

"Old Bill" Sees the World: By Capt. Bruce Bairnsfather

"No, Vladdy, old cock, this 'ere pact is a lot better, but it ain't right yet. There's a comma missin' on page 48"

Standing By . . .

(*Continued from page 460*)

Revolt

SHOCKED and distressed beyond belief, we perceive that Auntie *Times* is now competing with the *Daily Mirror* for the suffrages of the libidinous, a large photograph of a smiling curly cutie attired only in a close-fitting swim-suit having appeared on Auntie's Home Page the other day. It 's all very well for you to say (if you saw it) that the caption, so far from expressing any yoo-hoo or saucy winks and nudgings, merely remarked in a dignified way that the swim-suit had a lustrous sheen on the outside, yet provided wool next the skin. Our point is that pictures of bathing belles are generally the beginning of the end. Before long, if this goes on, Auntie may be getting letters from Professor Grouch, F.R.S., Sir Henry Porpus, K.C.B., the Master of Belial saying it has come to their notice that in the United States youthful females of considerable pulchritude are in the habit of giving corybantic exhibitions on the public stage with the aid (they understand) of *fans*, their outer integuments having been previously removed ; adding that if the Editor sees fit to favour the public with a photographic reproduction of one of these truly interesting terpsichorean exercises, it would possibly throw some light on Dr. Pumpernickel's theory concerning the recent Etruscan discoveries ; or some such lie. It might eventually happen that the librarians of the more serious clubs, like the Athenæum and the Reform and (especially) the National Liberal, would have to cope with the same furtive, crablike rush for the *Times* as there is at present for *La Vie Parisienne*. And this would of course entail buying one more large black shiny portfolio marked boldly in gold letters on the exterior *The Ontological Review*, hidden behind which members could feast undisturbed on the voluptuous offerings of Printing House Square. Faugh ! is our word. Likewise Fie !

Exposé

RELUCTANTLY, almost shyly, one of the ad. boys blew the gaff on the typical Strong Silent Man of the North the other day. It should have been blazing front-page news, but there it was tucked modestly away at the bottom of an inner-page column. The S.S.M. is strong and silent and dour, it seems, because he suffers from an interior disability which one teaspoonful of Globbo (let 's call it) taken at breakfast every morning cures infallibly. He then becomes extremely chatty and warm-hearted, romping with Southern vivacity and laughing like a little mad thing. It rather pained us to think of the entire Industrial School of English Fiction and Drama instantly going west like that, and Heaven knows playwrights are lucky. All those tyrannical, glum, dumb captains of industry who spend their time stamping round saying " Let 'em starve ! " brutalising their only daughters with silent sadism and trampling on their love for handsome foremen—all they really needed was a pinch of Globbo, after all. All those lock-outs and strikes (and all those tedious scenes representing them), all that clashing of Capital and Labour might have been avoided. In our pitiful view Galsworthy, for one, would have welcomed being told of this simple effective way out, and if it comes to that a daily teaspoonful wouldn't have hurt some of the Forsytes, either ; that wooden ass Soames especially.

" Perhaps you're on the black, Charles "

It is to be hoped that this discovery of a lifetime will not be allowed to languish. Think to begin with of those horrible steely pans you see glaring at you daily nowadays from the City Page, and how relatively sweet they 'd look wreathed in smiles and crowned with daisies.

View

WHEN the Access to Mountains Bill finally gets itself passed we trust we 're not alone in expressing the hope that something may be done about tactful advice to enormous girls who hike in extremely short shorts, a very depressing spectacle indeed, especially in the Lake District, which God knows is macabre enough already. Before hiking came in the same huge girls were known as " ramblers," and rambled in skirts, which were much more suitable viewed from any angle, and most of all from the rear. The passion very large girls seem to have nowadays for cramming their opulent south-westerly curves into tight trousers whenever possible is a perpetual astonishment to the thoughtful, and any British beach in the summer season affords spectacles of an almost fabulous kind. (Crowned with a pseudo-Mexican hat—we viewed this ourselves last summer—they become disturbing as an Edgar Allan Poe fantasy.)

But it may be that we 're totally ignorant of the latest conditions. Possibly the male hiker finds those wide, tight, well-filled female shorts irresistible ? Perhaps the creak of the Knobbly Knee is a sort of mating-call ? Maybe we 're just an obsolete old slouch living in the Dark Ages and knowing nothing about modern trends ? All right, then.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

The Red Cross Annual Summer Camp at Northwood Park, near Winchester

Women in Uniform

1. The British Red Cross Society

The British Red Cross Society, after years of quiet, almost disregarded preparation, have been able to deal rapidly and efficiently with the 50 per cent. increase in their membership since last September. For example, their annual camp has been held for a month every summer since 1925, and anti-gas courses have been part of the curriculum for the past seven years. At Northwood Park, formerly a boys' school, about a thousand officers and members come from all over the country to sleep in dormitories or under canvas and take courses in first-aid, home nursing, anti-gas (elementary or the advanced course for instructors), hygiene and sanitation, infant and child welfare. Each course lasts a week, with examinations at the end. The commandant of the camp is Mrs. Prentice, A.R.R.C. Below are Dame Beryl Oliver, who as head of the V.A.D.'s Department has had to deal with the enormous post-crisis expansion and activity, and Lady Falmouth, whose department, Hospital Supplies, is a new one created for the present need. They were photographed at Red Cross headquarters in Grosvenor Crescent. More camp pictures are on the next two pages

Viscountess Falmouth, Head of the Hospital Supplies Department

Dame Beryl Oliver, D.B.E., R.R.C., Head of the V.A.D. Department

Women in Uniform

For the first of a series of pictures activities of women in the National the National Red Cross Training Camp

Bathing the baby *is part of the infant and child welfare course, in which V.A.D.s learn the scientific care of children up to the age of five. The babies are dummies, so lifelike that their nurses can't help handling them with loving care; they approximate in size and weight to a normal month-old child*

Lunch *is crowded and cheerful; the food is simple and well-cooked, and the tables are pleasantly decorated with flowers*

The canteen *is as all-embracing as a village shop, as irresistible as a bargain sale. Over £300 was taken in two weeks*

Uniforms *for V.A.D.s have been reformed. The new design (left) aims at greater comfort and economy in wartime, with its short sleeves, and with no collar, belt, cuffs, and gloves to wash and starch*

Swinging *down the side of the house comes an "unconscious" fire-drill victim. She is not allowed to assist in her own rescue as she is supposed to be overcome with fumes*

1. The Red Cross (continued)

which will deal with the various Service scheme, the "Bystander" visited at Northwood Park, near Winchester

Incendiary bomb *drill is part of the anti-gas course. Note the steel helmet and hatchet of the recumbent fire-fighter. One of her "mates" supplies the pressure for the hose with a hand-pump*

Anti-gas lectures *are given in an incongruously peaceful setting, but the pleasant class-room doesn't distract the V.A.D.s' attention from poisons and antidotes. Anti-gas courses have been given by the Red Cross for the last seven years, and an advanced course for instructors is also part of the curriculum*

Bringing down baby *is part of the regular fire-drill—no easy matter for the rescuer who has to keep the child from bumping against the wall of the house as the pair of them swing and rotate on their rope*

The fire-drill party *waits below with a stretcher for the victim. Mrs. Prentice, the commandant of the camp, helps the smiling rescuers to lay her on the blankets*

Photographs by

Lauritz Melchior as Otello

The great Wagnerian first added this Verdi role to his repertoire at the Metropolitan, New York, in 1937. This year he has again sung his powerful, forthright rendering of the jealous Moor at Covent Garden in the opera season which gave way to ballet last week. His Desdemona was Maria Caniglia and his Iago was Basiola; Vittorio Gui conducted; so the Dane was on foreign soil in every way. But in his other Covent Garden parts he was very much at home, in Tristan, which he has sung in sixteen opera houses, and in Siegfried, whose costume is made from deer he shot and skinned himself

Anthony

John Laurie as Othello

Laurie's Othello at Stratford is a different one from Melchior's, a difference partly dictated by the fact that the actor is not such a big or resonant man as the singer. Laurie's Othello is torn rather than bursting, subtle rather than passionate. But in what it sets out to do, it is a consummate performance. John Laurie returns to Stratford this year for the first time since he acted Hamlet there in the cinema, pending the opening of the memorial theatre. His other parts are a lively, shrewd Jaques, an excellent Richard III., a disreputable Disraeli of a Malvolio, a Tribune in *Coriolanus*. *Othello* is produced by Robert Atkins, decorated and dressed by J. Gower Parks

Crowds go where crowds are, and pack the silky-sanded beaches that divide Belgium's coast towns from the sea. Between the towns — this one is Ostend — lie long empty stretches where only sea birds are numerous

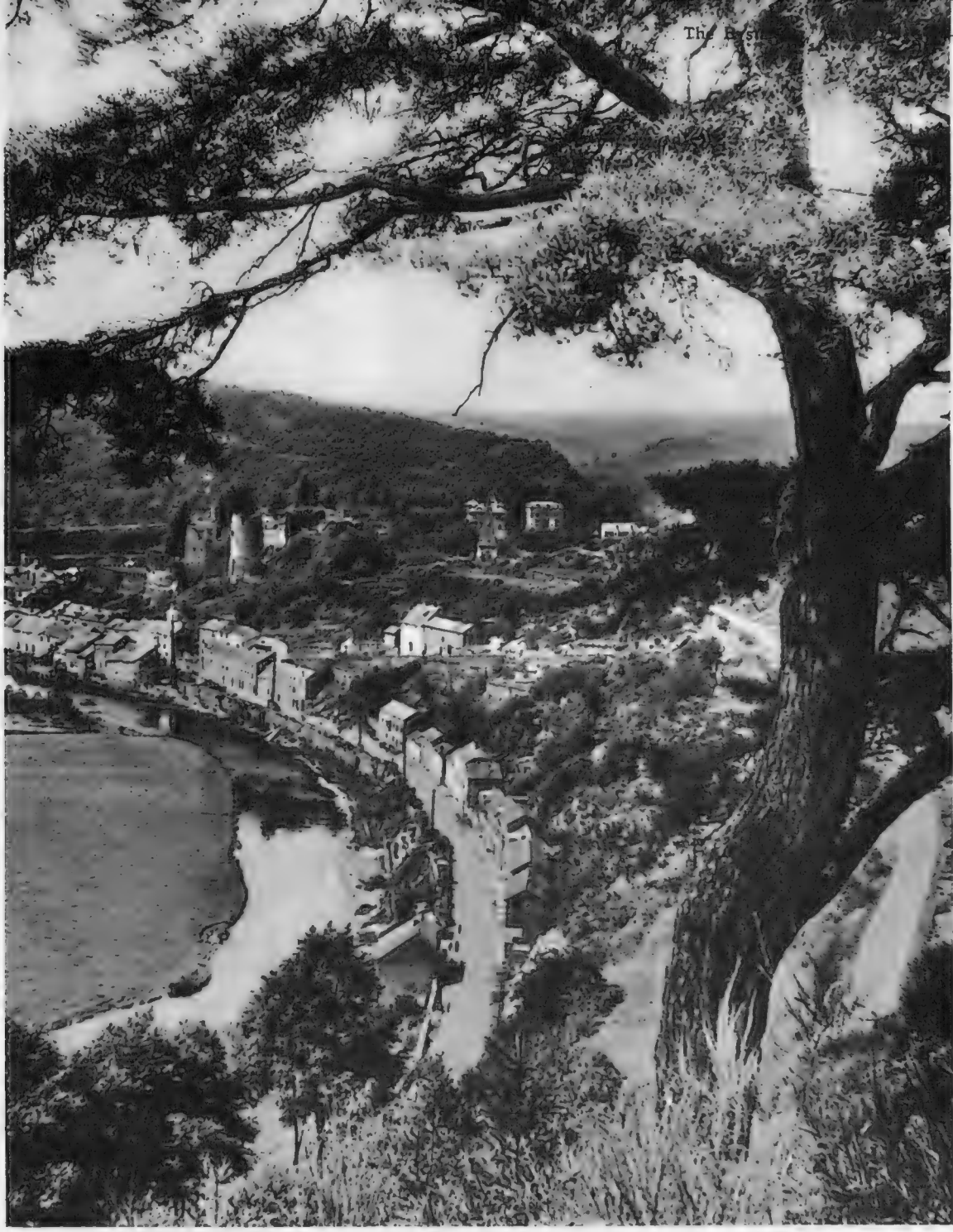
Calm lies like a golden veil over the cobbled streets and squares of the inland towns, where ancient lace-makers blink before their doors in the afternoon sun. The famous Béguinage at Bruges, with its cooing doves and quiet-moving nuns, has perhaps the most peaceful atmosphere of any place in Europe

Belgium : The Cockpit of Europe Shows Its Calm and Varied Beauty to the Leisurely Wanderer from the Coast

The lace-maker, her gnarled, nimble fingers performing miracles of intricacy, is one of the tourist's most vivid memories of Belgium

The gardener cuts, grades and packs, in the shady vinery, his bloomy, purple beauties destined for the luxury shops of the coast

The market woman has no fineries tempt her ihrifty customers. They and bananas and sometimes lemons



Utterly different to the wide plains and sandy coasts of the north are the rocky, wooded valleys of the Ardennes. Here, at La Roche, a massive old castle dominates the little town that fringes the Ourthe

like grapes to buy apples by the half

The charretier kneels on the primitive tree-trunk bridge to draw water for his horses. He works in the vast forests of the Ardennes, where lumbering is an important industry

Close to the French border in the far south lies Bouillon with its grim old château and lovely bridges. The Semois flows, sometimes placid, sometimes swiftly turbulent, through the hills into France to join the Meuse

Bette Davis and Her "Daughter"

The little girl is Marlene Burnette, an addition to Hollywood's company of child actors; she is playing her second part in *The Old Maid*, for which she was picked because of her resemblance to Jane Bryan, who plays the same part grown up. The big girl is Bette Davis, and she is Marlene's unmarried mother in the film, her newest. The glowing star, her domestic tranquillity sacrificed to film perfection, is inordinately fond of children and joined with Miriam Hopkins and others on the set to pet and spoil Marlene until a surfeit of candy and cookies (*anglice* sweets and cakes) nearly caused disaster to the five-year-old and to the sequence. *The Old Maid* will be here in the autumn

A bump? *Pembroke III are within striking distance of Queen's II on Grassy Corner, but the Pembroke cox has manœuvred his prow on to the bow side of the Queen's rudder from where, on a stroke-side corner, he will almost certainly not make contact. Wardale, the Queen's cox, never acknowledged a bump but at the end of the course the umpire, on Pembroke's appeal, allowed one. Rubber ball on prow is for safety*

The "Bystander" Watches the May Races at Cambridge

Bump or not, *lower division crews hasten to break training at the "Pike and Eel," while their betters still toil. An alternative to this is a store of ale and cigarettes in the boat for consumption on the row back to the boathouses*

Jesus College rowed head of the Cam the week-end before last, gloriously saluted by a broiling May week sun, but not so gloriously saluted by a meagre crowd whose greater part was town rather than gown. It is now five years since unorthodox Jesus wrested the headship from Pembroke, who now row sixth, and whether it is the monotony of Jesus supremacy or that old bogy the international situation, none can say, but to the "Bystander" May Week's chief feature did not seem so colourful as once. On the next two pages are some of the lighter side of Cambridge on the racing's last night; serious oarsmen will find the rowing point of view in the current issue of the "Sporting and Dramatic"

Photographs by G. H. Metcalf

The end of term *comes with May Week, and undergraduates not interested in rowing on the Cam or dancing in the college balls—and there are quite a number—go down for their long vacation as the brightest week in the Cambridge year begins. In the gateway of St. John's, porter Powell checked out trunks with the railwaymen*

George Drinkwater, *an Oxford Blue and rowing correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph," mounts to his perch at Grassy when he hears the starting gun. He has had his wooden platform specially made to fit on the post and the Mays would not seem complete without "Drinkers," his bowler crammed on to his ears*

Parents and sweethearts *crowd the trains and cars from London to Cambridge on Saturday of May Week, and the L.N.E.R. puts on its smartest engines. This oarsman went up to the long-platformed Cambridge station to meet his parson father and family*

On the Backs *the vast blue and white marquee goes up for the First and Third Trinity Boat Clubs' ball, the biggest and swankest of the May balls. It takes place on the Monday after the races*

Jesus have stayed head *and across Midsummer Common and into*

The ***captain and secretary*** *of the Lady Margaret Boat Club, J. A. B. Sturge and I. R. Fraser, type out in the former's rooms in New Court, St. John's, copies of the dog-Latin college boating song for use at a concert: "... si possimus, fuerimus semper caput fluminis ... etc."*

Down at the river *the racing has begun; town and gown groups mingle on the lawn of "The Plough" at Ditton, take tea and ices. Off the bank are moored big launches. Up the river to the start goes a crew. On the far bank a poor gathering of spectators are sparsely sitting. Beyond them, the fair blares*

The "Bystander" at the Mays

We missed the bumping races because there was too much to see on the banks or in the town of Cambridge

the fair *by the race-course the lower division oarsmen, out of ...ing after five weeks, have some fun before going back to bump ...pers in college. This Queensman got some practise for his conscription*

After bump suppers *all oarsmen, in dress shirts and ties and boat-club blazers, converge riotously towards the huge conflagration behind Jesus College, which the townspeople watch from behind bars. A boat is still traditionally burnt and free beer served to all, but the rest of the bonfire—once furniture and doors—is now crates from the local grocers. This year a woman in man's clothes intruded, was spotted and had to retire rapidly, fearing the fate of the gentleman below who is being de-bagged*

College they run a boat to be burned. Original cost of this boat, about £120

Films of the Day

By George Campbell

WOMEN were sniffing; their escorts self-consciously wiped away a manly tear once again; this department was alone in finding itself dry-eyed. Did this argue insensibility, or could there be some defect in *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* which accounted for a mild and facile sympathy where the heart, according to my neighbours, should have been wrung like anything?

There could, and there is. Before you can be deeply moved by anybody you must first believe in him, and I, frankly, do not believe in Mr. Chips at all. He is just a "humour" in the Jonson sense, a figure recalled through the rosy mists of memory by boys sharp enough to detect the surface oddity, but too inexperienced, too wrapped up in their own affairs, to form any reliable estimate of character in the round.

Mr. Chips, in the real sense, has no character: he has only characteristics. He is kind, he is modest, he is gentle, yes; but of the temptations and problems that beset the normal man we get no hint. No matter what the situation, you know exactly how Mr. Chips will react, and if it were not for Mr. Donat's skill and charm, and the excellence of the production as a whole, he would be in danger of becoming a bore. Each of us knows modest men and shy men and good men, though the combination of all three qualities is rare; but there is something incredibly unmanly about Mr. Chips' fear of the thoroughly nice young woman he meets on the mountain top, just as there is something a little mawkish about his speech to the form he has very properly kept in: "If I lose your friendship I have lost everything." The secret of his success with boys is supposed to be his strength of character. Any master who began by apologising for his existence in this fashion would be set down, quite rightly, as a sap. Incidentally, if the star fast bowler was really one of the form kept in by Mr. Chips on the afternoon of the big match, he must have been uncommonly precocious. Mr. Chips is supposed to be teaching the new boys, and their average age is about what you might expect—say, thirteen.

With all its defects, *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* is a picture with fine qualities, and, quite obviously, it is being a smashing success on both sides of the Atlantic. M.-G.-M.'s British studios had previously turned out *A Yank at Oxford* and *The Citadel*. *Mr. Chips* completes the hat trick. The sets are extraordinarily handsome, and the huge supporting cast is first-class. Greer Garson looks enchanting, without being a tearing beauty; she is charming and natural, and her voice, warm and full of colour, is most soothing to the ear. She should go far.

A VERY much better film—though not many fans will agree—is *Stagecoach*. It sounds like a Western, and is; but it is also a work of art. In a coach bound West, in 1885, the author concentrates half-a-dozen nicely contrasted characters—an absconding banker, a Southern gambler, whose redeeming virtue is chivalry to women, a drunken doctor, an escaped convict, an army officer's wife, desperately anxious to reach her husband before she has her baby, and a harlot (treated rather like Maupassant's *Boule de Suif*) destined for a miners' honky-tonk. They are crossing the great Arizona desert when they get news that Gieronomo, the Apache chief, is on the war path; and the rest of the film shows the reactions of the characters to danger, and to each other, as the coach rolls on.

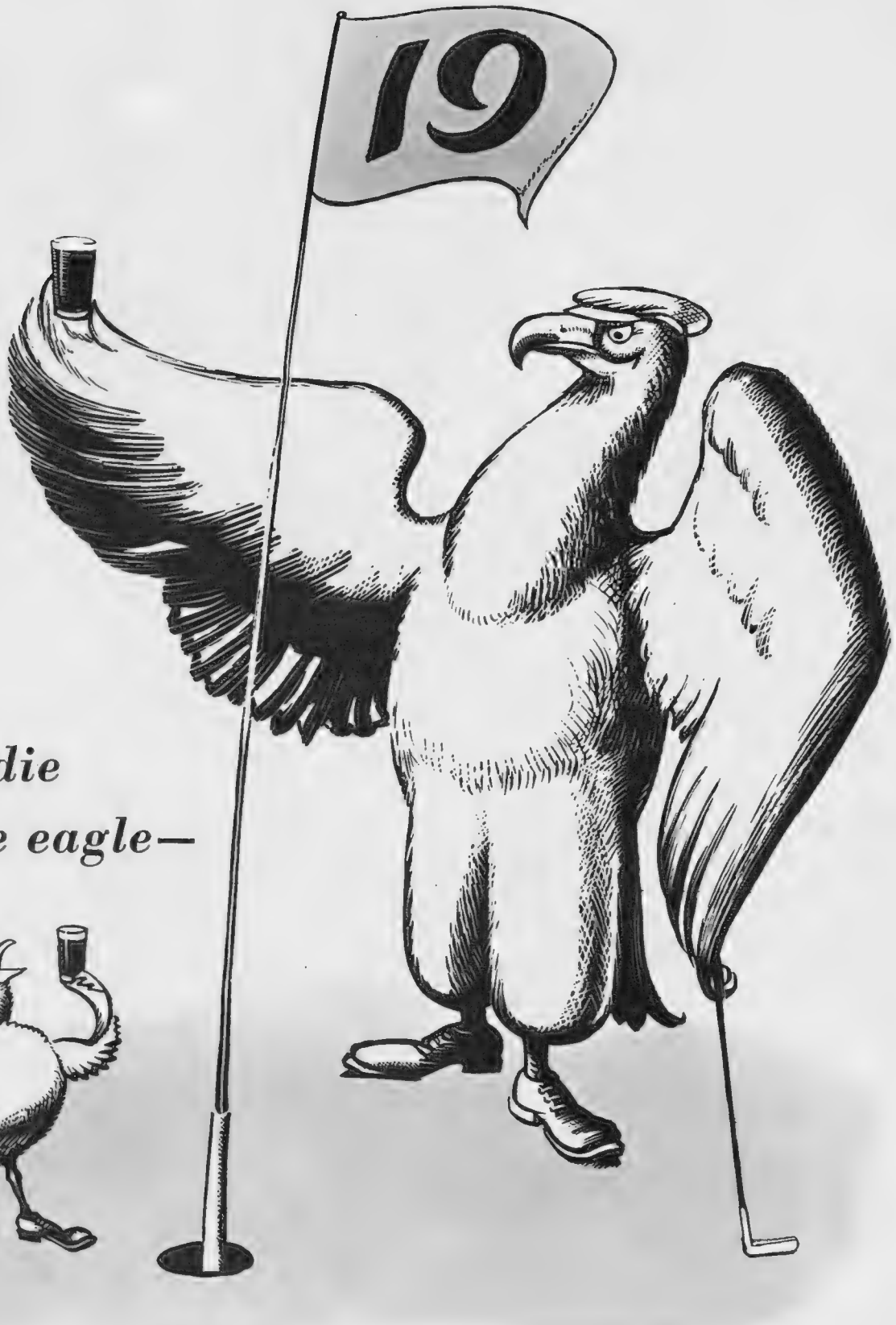
Stagecoach was directed by John Ford, the man who made *The Informer*, and his work is superb. The film cost £50,000—nothing as Hollywood productions go; the cast is highly competent, but not glittering with stars. What makes the thing so exciting is the intelligence, the sheer artistry, that went to its making. Dudley Nichols' script is taut and economical; characterisation is suggested with a glance, a laconic phrase; the situations are built up cunningly; and the technical work is brilliant. The very journey—so cleverly does Ford keep intercutting shots of the coach crossing the vast alkali desert, with the mesas rising gaunt against the sky—becomes dramatic, regardless of the savages who somewhere lie in wait. Through it all runs a musical accompaniment cunningly compounded of old Western airs, with one bar (from Owen Wister's *Ten Thousand Cattle Straying*) repeated over and over again by the brasses until it rasps the nerves with suspense and takes on the inevitability of destiny.

The Travellers in "Stagecoach"

The film at the Odeon is an excellent portrayal of the characters thrown together by their journey from Tonto to Lordsburg, through Indian-infested country. They are almost all here—the Southern gentleman (John Carradine), the driver (Andy Devine), the guard (George Bancroft), the officer's wife (Louise Platt), the whisky traveller (Donald Meek), the prostitute (Claire Trevor), the cowboy (John Wayne), the absconding banker (Berton Churchill), half out of the picture. Absent is boosey Doc Boone (Thomas Mitchell). "Stagecoach" is recommended by our critic on this page

"HOTEL DU NORD" also has quality. In a little hotel beside the Gare du Nord you meet a motley collection of characters—the girl and her lover who have planned a double suicide, the man who has come down in the world, and the prostitute he lives on, the gunman who is seeking vengeance for betrayal; all the flotsam and jetsam of the Paris underworld. Some of the scenes have a sharp poignancy, and others a blasphemous humour. All show a quick intelligence in the writing and direction, and the acting is pretty nearly faultless, from Louis Jouvet and Annabella down.

FOR the rest, *The Good Old Days* is just another Max Miller, *Louise* is just a bore, and *Jesse James* is just another glorification—or perhaps apology would be a better word—of the Western bandit. Mr. James, according to historians, was as cold-blooded a murderer as Billy the Kid or Murieta. As played by Tyrone Power he emerges as one more victim of society—but for the malice of his fellows, a nice clean boy trying to get along. In the end, of course, he got along; and everybody wished it had been sooner.



As the birdie said to the eagle—

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR GOLF

G.E.842.A

In Two

A mixed bag of sport
Westchester Cup polo

The Twins Go In

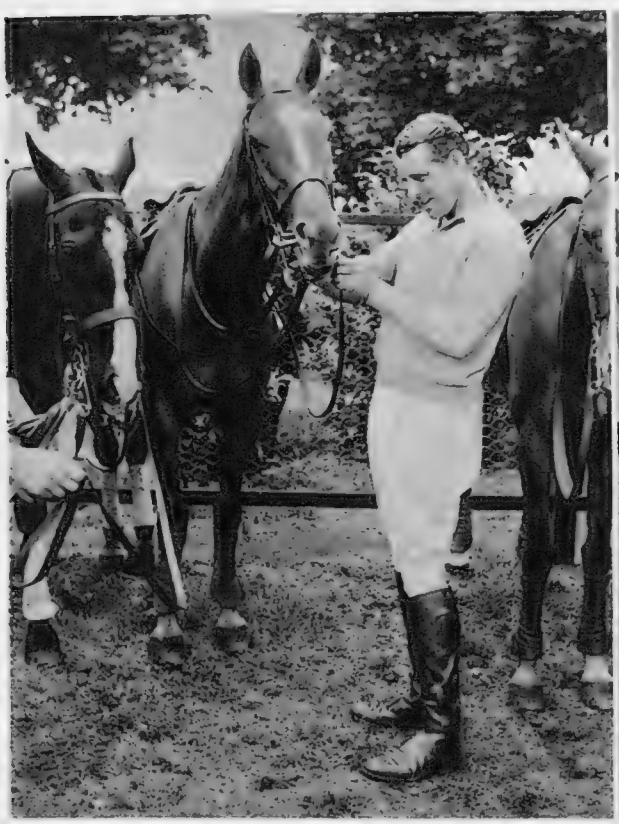
Miss J. and Miss B. Blaker opened Kent's innings in the Kent-Surrey women's inter-county cricket match at Reigate which Surrey won decisively (119 for one wicket declared, Kent all out for 53). They are the twin daughters of R. N. Blaker, a former Kent county cricketer

"Teach" and "Pinkie"

"Teach" is what Alice Marble calls her trainer, Miss Eleanor Tennant; "Pinkie" is what she herself is called. The Californian hard hitter, photographed at the Kent county championships, is favourite for Wimbledon, the draw for which is to-day

Pipes and Smiles in a

Colonel Allen Swinton and Captain and smiles, and they were displaying Club's regatta at Warsash. A light nine classes of boats in the racing, Major Digby Peel's "Carron II," from Colonel Swinton is the founder



The British Back

Eric Tyrrell-Martin, an eight-handicap man, played back for Great Britain in the first Westchester Cup match against America at Meadowbrook, Long Island, which we lost 11—7, and at which these six pictures were taken

Interested Spectator

Attendance at the first Westchester Cup tie was disappointing—40,000 had been expected, only a few thousands came. One of the spectators was Wendy Iglehart, sister of Stewart Iglehart, America's No. 3

Watching Him Dress

Gerald Balding, our No. 3, talked with Miss Hope Scott and Mrs. C. V. Whitney while he tucked in his shirt before the game. Balding played off handicap 8, as did Skene and Tyrrell-Martin, Roark playing off 7; the Americans were three 10's and a 7

Hemispheres

at home and some pictures from America

Light South-West Wind

W. H. Wiggin are the owners of the pipes them at the Household Brigade Yacht south-west wind filled the sails of the the biggest being the 8-metres (winner, the Hon. Mrs. Pitt-Rivers' "Christina"). of the Household Brigade Y.C.

Edmundsbury Won the Lawson Cup at Roehampton

Lady Bradford here presents the Lawson polo cup to Captain A. H. Barclay after his side, Edmundsbury, had beaten the Gladiators in the final at Roehampton; the others are J. B. Traill, Captain R. O. Critchley and Captain G. H. Critchley. Edmundsbury were excellently together as a team throughout the tie; they conceded 1½ goals on handicap, led by 4—2½ at half-time; by 8—4½ at full time; of their score, Captain Barclay scored five goals, Captain R. O. Critchley two and Mr. Traill the other

Reserve and Spectator

John Lakin was one of our reserves, the Duchess of Roxburghe was over with her husband to watch the play.[1] Lakin announced his engagement to the Hon. Daphne Pearson, his captain's sister, after the first match

Player and Captain

Aidan Roark, a 7-handicap player and our No. 2, was photographed before the match talking to the British non-playing captain and chairman of the International Selection Committee, Lord Cowdray

American Number One

Michael Phipps, the American No. 1 and a 10-handicap player, laced his boot on the bumper of the supply trailer before the match. The brilliant attacks of this player were largely responsible for the loss of the second match (and the cup) by Great Britain, also at Meadowbrook, when we took a 9—4 beating

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

International Championship at Portrush

BRILLIANT; that is the word for it. The weather, the course, much of the play. There is no doubt about it, we do enjoy ourselves when we come to Ireland. Logicians may argue that since there are only fourteen Irish clubs affiliated to the L.G.U. we ought not to visit Ireland as often as once every four years: then you arrive at Newcastle or Portrush, and every argument melts before the kindness of the welcome and the sheer magnificence of the courses. There have been a great many well-founded grumbles this championship, but they have not been to do with that: only with the insensate arrangement of the L.G.U., by which some of the wretched competitors were still waiting to start their first round on the first day when others had already competed two; with the system of "staggered" byes, which meant, in so many cases, that a tired player met a fresh one; with the too short time allowed between rounds—who is going to be ready for their second round over a 6700-yard course only three hours after starting their first?—and, above all, with spinning out the event over five days when it should have been got through in four.

Having got these grumbles off their chest, competitors had nothing but delight to express about everything else, for even the fact that the course was baked brown could not spoil its splendour as a test of golf. It was more a matter of appearance than anything else; the grass was there, only baked to the colour of old parchment, and the well-hit ball, tossed up into the air and up to the pin, would stay there. The best golf was rewarded and the worst punished, for the slopes and hollows, the sand and the bent, and the little creeping roses, pink and cream, remain lovely to the senses of sight and smell, however destructive to scores and, incidentally, to stockings. The sea has been bluest of the blue, and so have the hills of Donegal; the breaking waves white, the distant isles of Scotland an enchanted fairyland, the air of the quality of champagne. Above all, the course has remained an indestructible test of the first order, whether the wind blew in strong and bracing from the north, honey-mouthed from the west, or not at all.

SCOTLAND'S win of the Internationals was absolutely right; they were the best golfers, and, still more, the best Team, with a large "T" and lots of team-spirit. They had a mighty narrow escape from Ireland, winning only by the odd match, for Ireland have come on enormously. Miss MacGeagh, their brand-new champion, having sprung from the bottom to the top of the team, could hardly expect to beat Miss Anderson or Miss Corlett, but she made both fight to the last gasp, and her excellent temperament and the real concentration she has given to the short game suggest that she is not at all a here-to-day-and-gone-to-morrow type of champion.

Against England, the hereditary foe, Scotland made no mistake. Seven to two they won by, and poor old England only scrambled those two on the last green and the twentieth respectively. That settled matters. The next morning Scotland left nothing to chance, beat Wales eight to one; and as Ireland beat England five to four, England, once unbeatable, took third place, a thoroughly wholesome state of affairs.

Early Rounds of the Ladies' Amateur Championship at Royal Portrush

Mrs. Idina Mills (Berkshire) was a second-round loser to Lady Katharine Cairns (Bath), who won 1 up. The latter met her fate in the third round, by 5 and 3, at the hands of Miss Pam Barton

Wales had no reason to despond because they were last; at least a goodly proportion of their team are young, their new champion, Mrs. Burrell, has all her best golf before her—and with experience it may well be really good—and their second player, Mrs. Idina Mills, did brilliantly, taking first Miss Pam Barton and then Mrs. J. B. Walker to the nineteenth green, and then beating Miss Nan Baird 5 and 3.

TALKING of Mrs. Mills, and before launching into the championship itself, she is one of the moving spirits in Lady Brecknock's fourth annual competition to be played at Moor Park on Monday, July 10th, in aid of the Children's Country Holiday Fund. Perhaps being themselves in such glorious country, having so good a time, the best golfers were extra willing to think sympathetically of the poor mites in the slums; at all events, any number of the distinguished ones at Portrush were promising Mrs. Mills they would be there: Miss Kathleen Garnham, Miss Wanda Morgan, Miss Pam Barton, and so forth and so on, all anxious to set about Miss Enid Wilson, who won the scratch challenge cup last year, and means to defend it this. Ten-and-six is the entry fee, to reach the Countess of Brecknock, Westbourne House, Westbourne Street, W.2, by July 6th.

TO return to Portrush. The exigencies of post, and this annoying break in the proceedings, mean that I am writing with nothing further than the last sixteen known. What are my impressions so far? Firstly, the beautiful, almost machine-like accuracy of the golf played by Miss Jessie Anderson, giving the impression that this must surely be her championship. She has lengthened; she hits the shots right up to the pin; she putts reliably. The vast improvement in the golf of Miss Kathleen Garnham, particularly in putting. The very high promise of Miss Maureen Ruttle, and her grand courage. Here we surely have a champion-to-be, especially as she relies on no teacher now except the best one of all, experience and her own wits, working out her own problems for herself, which is the only way to make their solution permanent and at all times available. The brilliance of Miss Pam Barton, particularly in desperate situations; the easy, placid power of Miss Corlett.

I HAVE just been to see who has won the driving competition, which has filled up this afternoon for competitors, defeated and otherwise, so pleasantly. Mrs. Mills was the victor, as she was expected to be, with Miss Tiernan a good second.

Lady Eddis (Aldeburgh) lost 4 and 3 to Mrs. Ian Stuart (R. Portrush) in the second round. In the third round Mrs. Stuart was knocked out by Miss H. Nimmo

Miss Jean McCulloch (West Kilbride) and Miss K. Clark (Troon) met in the second round and Miss Clark won 3 and 2. Then she lost to Mrs. H. J. Percy

Miss Gloria Minoprio (Littlestone) and her one club departed in the first round, beaten 7 and 5 by Miss Peggy Edwards and an orthodox equipment. Miss Edwards lost her second-round match

..... and so too, your **Dunlop 'Fort' Tyres** glide smoothly over the road surface, your pleasure intensified by the added safety of their firm-holding teeth.

Doris Zinkeisen

Herself and Some of Her Pictures

Her Studio is at Her Home in Chester Terrace

"The Staffordshire Highlands"

DORIS Clare Zinkeisen is the elder of the Scottish sisters who both exhibited at the Academy before they were twenty. Their works (like their names) are often confused, and this is partly the fault of both sisters' versatility. The newest paintings by Doris are on view from to-morrow at the Leicester Galleries; those on this page are chosen from the show. Doris Zinkeisen is Mrs. Graham Johnstone in private life. She has three children, a house in the Pytchley country from which she rides to hounds whenever she can, and a penchant for the theatre. She has decorated, for instance, most Cochran revues, the last Chelsea Arts Ball, Wilcox's two Queen Victoria films

"La Scota"

"Theatrical Fitting"

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Half-Way Through : The Victor and Eleven Victims in the Ladies' Golf Championship at Portrush

Champion and Victim

Miss C. Mungo Park (Gullane) was an early victim of Pam Barton, losing two down to the Royal Mid-Surrey player. Miss Barton, after leading throughout the 36-hole final with Mrs. Marks, won the 1939 Championship by 2 and 1

Semi-Finalist and Victim

Clarrie Tiernan's third-round victim was Miss L. B. Clark (Silverdale) (left), who lost by 3 and 2. The Co. Louth player went on to beat Jessie Anderson, reached the semi-final to lose by 2 and 1 to the runner-up, Mrs. Marks

Scottish Champion and Victim

Jessie Anderson (Craigie Hill), the Scottish Champion, beat Mrs. J. B. Walker in the third round by 5 and 4, was expected to meet Elsie Corlett in the final, but lost in round four to Irish Clarrie Tiernan (next picture) by a hole

Birds of a Feather

Two similar head-dressed players met in round two, when Maureen Ruttle (Ferndown) lost to Kathleen Garnham (Naze) at the twentieth. Miss Garnham went on to beat Zara Bonner Davis in round three and lose to Mrs. J. B. Challen in round four

Irish Champion and Victor

Miss C. MacGeagh (Royal Portrush), the newly-crowned Irish Champion, lost to Mrs. J. Edmund Fletcher in round three by 7 and 6. Mrs. Fletcher, who entered from Hermitage, reached the fifth round to lose to Mrs. Marks

Favourite and Victim

Elsie Corlett (Royal Lytham and St. Anne's) was expected to reach the final without difficulty, and on the way there beat Nancy Kearney (Lurgan) by 7 and 5 in round three. But in the fifth round the favourite fell to Mrs. Newton

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

A Reminiscence

IN 1934 I was asked to referee the final of the assistants' championship, which is run by the *Daily Mirror*. The championship that year was held on the East Course at Wentworth during a drought, with fairways and greens as hard as boards. It was the last time that this championship was decided by match play. From 1935 to the present time it has been decided by 72 holes of medal play. The play in the final of 1934 was extremely good and very interesting, and is still of interest, because the finalists were R. L. Porter, of the Blackpool North Shore Golf Club, and D. J. Rees, who was at that time assistant to his father at Aberdare, Glamorganshire.

Porter was tall and thin, and had been so nervous that he was reputed to have been ill every morning and to have had hardly anything to eat during the whole period of the championship, except on the morning of the final. It is rather strange that so many of the leading golfers, both professional and amateur, male and female, suffer so much from nerves and cannot give of their best unless they are extremely nervous. I know one man—who shall be nameless—who, on the morning of the first day of the Amateur championship one year was so nervous that he spiked his lip with his fork at breakfast, and this same man actually has won the Amateur championship. We also hear tales of how certain people cannot sleep during a championship until they have been knocked out. It is difficult to understand what fun these people can possibly get out of a golf championship.

Rees was smaller than he is now, and wore very long plus fours nearly down to his ankles. I remember the first hole very clearly. Rees, who was even then always full of confidence, pitched on the road, and when he reached the green found a jagged bit of the cover of his ball sticking out. He asked me if he could change his ball, and I told him that he could. But the change of ball did him no good, for he then proceeded to take three putts. Actually the same thing had happened a short time before at Prestwick, in the Amateur championship, in the match between George Dunlap, of U.S.A., against R. H. Wethered. At the fifteenth hole Dunlap pulled his tee shot very badly, and his ball apparently pitched on a stone. He was lucky to find a lie and put his second shot about three yards past the pin, where he found his ball with a piece of the cover sticking out. He asked if he could replace his ball, under the "ball unfit for play" rule, and Robert Harris decided that he was entitled to do so.

There was, as there always is when anything like this happens—especially when it happens in a championship in Scotland—a certain amount of controversy. Some stated that the ball was not unfit for play. Harris gave a perfect answer. He said that if a ball fit for play is replaced by a ball fit for play the player cannot possibly gain any advantage. On the other hand, if a ball is unfit for play it puts the player at a considerable disadvantage. Dunlap replaced his ball with another and then holed his putt, which was a very vital shot and largely responsible for his final victory.

An interesting feature of the match between Porter and Rees was that Porter, like John Henry Taylor, at St. Andrews, insisted on pitching on to the baked greens. He was hitting these shots so confidently and so truly that he got a tremendous amount of stop on the ball. If he had not they must have gone a long way over the greens. And, having got to the greens—believe it or not—he out-putted Rees.

Rees, on the other hand, played the correct game under the conditions prevailing at the time, and always ran up his approaches. It was rather strange to see the man playing what is always considered, on baked ground, the correct shots, defeated by a man who was continually playing the more difficult shots. Porter putted terribly well, and I still have the putter which he used, as he insisted on presenting it to me after the match, saying, "I shall not be playing again for some weeks and can easily get another like it by then." Alas, I soon found that it was the man, and not the putter, that got the ball into the hole.

Porter is now professional to the Deane Golf Club, near Bolton, and you will occasionally see his name among the competitors in golfing events in the North, and also in the Open championship. I am convinced that if he had been fortunate enough, like Rees, to have got a job near London you would all have heard a lot about his golf.

Dai Rees, after leaving Aberdare, was assistant under a very sound master, J. Coleman, at the Surbiton Golf Club, and is now professional at Hindhead. He has thus had numerous opportunities of playing in the big tournaments, and in the winter has also gained experience of competitive golf by playing in the fortnightly meetings of the Guildford and District Golfing Alliance. Rees is now at the top of the tree of professional golf. I often wonder if Porter would be sitting beside him if he had obtained a job in the neighbourhood of London.

A. S. Anderson (Burnham and Berrow; scratch) won the Rosebery Challenge Cup with a score of 74 + 71 = 145. With him is C. J. Anderson (Northwood; + 1) who returned 76+80=156

Of these two Calcot players, C. W. Mole (+1) made no return, and J. O. H. Greenly (scratch), the 1939 winner of the President's Putter, returned 82 + 73 = 155

S. B. Roberts (Prestatyn; +2) (right) returned the second best score for the Rosebery Cup, with 73+76=149. He is with T. F. Blackwell (Ashridge; +1), another competitor who made no return

C. Rissik (Beaconsfield; scratch) returned the third best score—77+73=150. R. Baillieu, a scratch player from Royal Melbourne, did his two rounds in 80+75=155

The Rosebery Challenge Cup at Ashridge

New York Letter

By Lorine Pruette

Warming Problems

Now the heat comes upon the land like a seven-headed dragon breathing fire. Washington in June is probably as hot as India at its worst, so we chuckled about those instructions from London anent hot-water bottles in the rooms of the King and Queen. I mentioned this to a visiting Englishman, and he said, "Then what do you Americans use? I love my hot-water bottle." The answer is central heating, which, in the winter-time, mostly does away with the need of warming the bed. Then there are electric pads or, more luxuriously, electric puffs, for the cold-blooded; hot-water bottles for those who like them and out in the country districts hot bricks or stones or even the ancient warming-pan. . . . But in June the electric fan or air-conditioning is more in order.

Morgan Library—Treasure House

If you walk up Madison Avenue, following the gentle rise of Murray Hill, you come to a low marble building on the corner of Thirty-sixth Street. It is a fine old mansion that houses one of the rarest collections in the world.

This summer, for the first time, the Pierpont Morgan Library will remain open during July and August for World's Fair visitors. The elder Morgan was a collector, even as a schoolboy. This interest was fostered by his father, Junius S. Morgan, who bought the manuscript of Scott's *Guy Mannering* from the Earl of Clare's collection, and eventually gave this to his son. The Scott collection, now the most nearly complete of any in the world, links three generations of Morgans. England is represented by letters and manuscripts of Keats, Shelley, Byron, Thackeray, Dickens, and many others. Here is the unfinished manuscript of *Weir of Hermiston*, the last page of which was written on the day that Robert Louis Stevenson died. Here is a letter from Robert Burns in which he sets down the words of "Auld Lang Syne"; there are hundreds of Bibles in all languages.

Of French treasures there are the illuminated manuscripts of *Lancelot du Lac*, the *Roman de la Rose*, and the chronicles of Froissart. And here is the world's only perfect copy of Sir Thomas Malory's original *Morte d'Arthur*, printed by William Caxton. Book-cases are everywhere, with books exposed to the specially conditioned air, a fire burns on the hearth, the windows contain the stained glass that Pierpont Morgan collected as a boy in Europe, paintings hang on the walls, and in the west room is the big walnut desk at which the elder Mr. Morgan read his morning paper. The contents of the library are valued at over $9,000,000, and the collection is still growing. In 1924 the founder's son, the present J. P. Morgan, turned the collection over to six trustees as a memorial to his father. It must be kept intact until 2013, a century after the death of the elder Morgan.

Society Dispersal

With the schools closing and city activities slowing down, the great country homes are being opened. June is a month for weddings and gardens and horse shows and debutante parties, same as with you.

The North Shore of Long Island is busy now with the openings of homes in the society colonies. Mr. and Mrs. Michael Phipps are entertaining members of the British polo party at their home on Long Island; Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney are at their home in Westbury, adjoining the estate of Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mr. Whitney's mother; Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt is at Sagamore Hill, while her son and daughter-in-law, Colonel and Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, are in their new home, Old Orchard. The famous rose gardens at Caumsett, the estate of Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Field at Lloyd's Neck, are being opened to the public as a benefit for Greenwich House, New York's famous settlement house on the lower West Side. Long Island will see an extensive programme of yachting at Oyster Bay, many charity horse shows, international polo, and entertainment at the World's Fair Terrace Club and Fairway Yacht Club.

Over at Tuxedo Park, in the mountains of New York State, plans are being made for the largest society outdoor show in years. In addition to the horse show, the colony will see two dog shows, three yacht races, a golf tournament, an art exhibition, and a musical within the next few days.

Filmic

"Goodbye, Mr. Chips" has broken the attendance record at the Astor, and Robert Donat and Greer Garson must both have been cheered by the critics' reactions. Even the author is pleased with the production, and Alexander Woollcott is whooping it up for the film just as he did for the novel. Out in Hollywood, James Hilton has signed a three-year contract with Warners and is busy scripting his own story, *We Are Not Alone*.

Laurence Olivier and Merle Oberon in *Wuthering Heights* have already chalked up a record of seven weeks, the longest run in the history of the house showing it. Following the cinema success, the novel is having a spurt of sales also.

Bette Davis has confirmed her position as the most interesting actress in Hollywood with two recent successes. She is starred with Paul Muni in *Juarez*, with a supporting cast of 1186, including Brian Aherne, Claude Rains, and John Garfield. Muni and Spencer Tracy, as different as can be, are yet alike in being able to represent the life of the mind on the screen, to speak convincingly and movingly of the ideas and the ideals that have been an impressive part of human history. *Juarez* is being hailed as a passionate plea for democracy as opposed to any form of authoritarian government.

In *Dark Victory* Bette Davis dies to the accompaniment of the tears of the audience. Young men carry extra handkerchiefs for the benfit of the girl friend when they go to see *Dark Victory*, and in New York a considerate management keeps the lights lowered for a few seconds so the ladies can get their eyes dried in the dark. The man who produced this gush of tears is the English Edmund Goulding, Hollywood director and scenarist. Interviewed at "Twenty-One," the restaurant where fashion and intellect meet—sometimes in the same person—Mr. Goulding told Bosley Crowther that he can turn the tears on and off like a spigot and that "bathos is as necessary to the system as milk of magnesia." It seems he has an idea of promoting a Bureau of American Propaganda, because the public is suffering from an "impaired credulity," doesn't know what to believe, and needs a group of top men from various fields to put their stamp of approval on what is good propaganda for the American people!

Meantime, Pare Lorentz, Hollywood's bitterest critic, has been hired by the Government to film the "real" America. He says he wants to show the people what their country really looks like. His new job is to co-ordinate the movie efforts of the Government, now scattered through dozens of bureaux. In his earlier attempts to show America to the Americans, *The Plow That Broke the Plains* never got its story out as clear and powerful as it might have been, but *The River* told the life-story of the mighty Mississippi and gave most of us a new conception of the documentary film.

***Outdoors** at the first Westchester Cup match were the Hon. Michael Strutt and Miss Arielle Frazier, his fiancée. Strutt, Lord Belper's younger son, has been in New York for a year working with a Wall Street firm; Arielle Frazier is the daughter of Joseph Washington Frazier, head of the Willys-Overland Co. at Toledo*

***Indoors** in the starlight room at the Waldorf-Astoria were hostess and her chief guest dancing together — Mrs. Jeremiah Maguire and the Maharajah of Rajpipla. The American socialite gave a dinner party in honour of this popular ruler of a state in the Bombay Presidency*

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The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Tales—Slick and Powerful

By V. S. Pritchett

WHAT are the most interesting works of imaginative fiction to-day? The novels? I do not think so. The heart and drive are going out of novel-writing. The chronic novelists are copying one another, or re-writing the novels of the past, and a competent reader can cut them down to a third of their length as his eye runs along the lines. You are, in fact, left with a short story; and it is in that art that the best fiction of the last twenty years or more is to be found. An unstable, raw-edged world, rebellious, nervous, poetic, intense or perfunctory in its reactions is finding a characteristic expression in this form.

There are four volumes of short stories this week to illustrate the argument. I would modify it very little to rope in a wild and clever bundle of magazine brain-waves like Mr. H. T. W. Bousfield's *The God with Four Arms* (Arthur Barker; 7*s.* 6*d.*). As your air-liner holds you suspended over frontiers, you, too, suspend unbelief before his crisp and efficient entertainments. Is an Australian spy rescued by the wife of an Afghan chief on the North-West Frontier, and does she turn out to be his mother? Does a millionaire amuse himself by drowning his guests on a yachting cruise? Do ingenious criminals describe their perfect crime? Improbable—but Mr. Bousfield can diddle and argue you into watching a confidence trick. His is the ingenious, larky and immoral contemporary brain making the slick getaway; the knowing accomplice of the escapists.

A SELECTION of Maxim Gorki's stories in English was badly needed. This has now been made by Mr. Avrahm Yarmolensky and the Baroness Moura Budberg (Cape; 10*s.* 6*d.*). It opens with *Chelkash*, one of the masterly stories about the life of a thief and published in 1894, and ends with *Karamora*, one of those argumentative studies of the later period, about a revolutionary who has turned police spy, and is attempting to justify himself. Gorki, for all his proganda, never lost the dual mind of the vagabond. Over the minds and hearts of his characters there pass and repass an equivocal, thundery light and shadow. *Chelkash* is one moment evil and infected as he makes the young soldier become his accomplice, and the next is transfigured, for all his evil, by a mystique of his own. Virile, passionate, brutal, Gorki has also the Russian gift of innocence. These later Russians are bears who write poetry. *Twenty-six Men and a Girl* is even called "A Poem." A story like *The Birth of a Man*, which describes with a powerful mixture of passionate wonder and robust humour the birth of a child to a peasant woman on the sea shore, is a terrific example of Gorki's physical poetry, the fecundity of his power to create an atmosphere of the voracity of life. The whole feeling in his work is prophetic, even among the thieves of the back alleys, the diseased prostitutes of the cellars; and it is this prophetic feeling which excuses his rubbing in of morals, the clumsiness of his pity, and the vanity of his arguments. The rendering of Russian dialogue into English still seems a trouble to some of the translators. Some of it, with its "Heigh-ho's" and so forth, is unconsciously funny.

Author Pamela Frankau and Artist Honor Earl

Honor Earl's portrait of Pamela Frankau is in her four-day exhibition at Reens-Arta, in Bruton Street. The show was opened yesterday, Tuesday, by Prince Hubertus of Loewenstein, and closes on Saturday; it is in aid of German and Austrian refugee children. Mrs. Earl is the daughter of Lord Maugham and includes a portrait of the Lord Chancellor in her exhibition

THERE is one story of extraordinary power in the latest number of *New Writing No.* 2, edited by John Lehmann (Hogarth Press; 7*s.* 6*d.*). This is a most unnerving and convincing study in insanity, called *The Room*, by a French writer, Jean-Paul Sartre. Insanity in literature is often melodramatic and usually literary. The writer simply puts down anything. In this story insanity is really described as disease, and makes one doubt one's own reason.

There are many good, realistic stories in this number—I was struck by G. F. Green's and Leslie Halward's. Mr. Goronwy Rees on the recent political plays in London should be read attentively by dramatists who are thinking of launching a new dictator in Shaftesbury Avenue.

MR. A. E. COPPARD'S *You Never Know, Do You?* (Methuen; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a far better collection of his jocose and infectious fancies than the previous one was; but although there is probably no better teller of tales, as tales, among contemporary writers, he is a minor talent, a cuckoo in the rustic greenery who has gone, as cuckoos must, to self parody. Intoxicated by his half-cruel, half-whimsical skill with the antics of one-eyed shoe-makers, homely convicts, sad girls, and the nursery-rhyme England of tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, he has never been serious. You are as delighted as a child when the sailor is slung into the river, when the bus-driver turns out to be a bigamist, and the stolen van contains a weeping girl and a child's coffin, but you are not moved in an adult way at all. Tale-telling is a trickster's and childish art; but it has its own virtuosity and a collection of the best of Mr. Coppard's pieces from *The Higgler* and *Field of Mustard* onward ought to include—would include—that brilliant piece of fancy, *The Cheese-Cutter Hat Man*, the tale which, in this book, gives the game of Mr. Coppard's artifice away with a bow and a flourish.

MR. LLEWELLYN POWYS has affinities with the Coppard school, and he objects to my review of his *Love and Death* in a recent number:

> Mr. V. S. Pritchett, in his review of my book, *Love and Death*, says that he regards the prophetic claims of the Powyses "with a dubious eye." I am unaware that any of us has ever made prophetic claims, and can only conclude that he refers to our beliefs, though our beliefs, surely, cover a field too wide and too disparate for so casual an identification. My brother John believes in God but resents his ways and prays only to innumerable lesser Gods; my brother Littleton believes in God, in Law and Order and the proprieties and progress; my brother Theodore is an inspired mystic full of ironical thoughts and crooked illuminations; my brother Willie might venture an opinion as to the value of a horse or an ox but never upon the secrets of life; and I myself am obstinately one for whom "the visible world exists."
>
> There is an old English proverb "Put a miller, a weaver, a tailor in a bag, shake it, and the first that falls out will be a liar." To Mr. V. S. Pritchett, apparently, our case jumps in much the same way; for our dislike of, and withdrawal from, the values of the modern world, our rural rhyming, our rustic rudeness, and "mediæval posturing" could not fail to present a stumbling-block to an agile, up-to-the-minute critic who feels not the least misgiving in juxtaposing a word like Jabberwocky—a word invented by the flighty brain of a jocose Oxford Don—with the Morte d'Arthur, syllables associated with half the poetry of our Western Culture.
>
> Reading my review again, I find I agree with myself even more. The Powys kind of rustic rudeness, though lyrically decorative is, as he says, "a withdrawal."

Fashion as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

CRISP, cheerful frocks for holidays, week-ends, ship-board and those occasions when the slogan is "neat, but not gaudy." This kind of frock needs rather careful thought and selection, for in these days of specified clothing, a dress that is really "jack-of-all-trades" is sometimes hard to find. Gorringes, of Buckingham Palace Road, have a department on the first floor for just this kind of frock. (Ask for "Knitwear.") Here are two examples. On the left, the dress of a natural coloured two-piece trimmed with nigger brown and turquoise. The fabric is a cool, firm alliance of wool and linen, and the stripes on the bodice are taken from the jacket material. This frock is an economical buy, for such a bright, blazer-striped jacket can be paired off with other frocks and skirts. You'll like this two-piece; it has that effortless elegance which distinguishes good clothes, combined with a well-pressed casualness which will never let you down. The skirt is pleated all round, but notice how slimly it fits the hips. The other dress, in the coolest-looking cellular mesh, is grand in a real early-morning blue. It's the frock you'll put on for breakfast when you want to look as though you've been up and doing before the dew was off the roses. In detail, there is a gored skirt, and a becoming shirt-waist bodice. So the slogan will be: "Before you go away, go to Gorringes"

"Big Shots"— in a Small Way

WHEN your daughter is asked to the Zoo you will, in choosing her clothes, naturally bear in mind her escort's taste. In fifteen years, of course (being your daughter), she 'll be well able to do this for herself, but at present she needs your assistance. Swan and Edgar (Piccadilly Circus) have an excellent children's shop, in which you will find frocks for all your daughter's social engagements, designed to bewitch a variety of escorts. Granny will like her in the dress pictured below, for it is in the most traditional English "good style." The material is a heavy georgettine, and the smocking hand-done. This frock, for all its expensive and aristocratic appearance is surprisingly modest in price. Swan and Edgar have it in all pastel colours, and in sizes to fit six- to twelve-year-olds

WHEN the little boy next door and his Nanny take her to the Zoo, you guess it will be a fairly lively party. So send her in crisp cotton; here 's a frock that will look after itself. It is made in crinkled cotton in a colourful floral-stripe pattern; dainty, but business-like, and not liable to get quickly dirty. This frock is typical of the extensive collection of American frocks awaiting your approval—and your daughter's—at Swan and Edgar

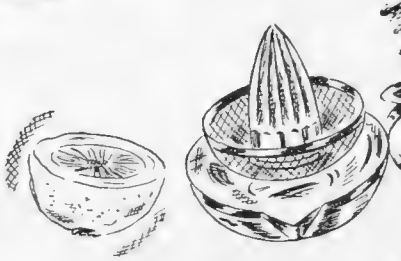
WHEN her Uncle (on leave from the East) escorts her, you know she will be mingling with the smartest women in the land, for he will probably lunch her at the most exclusive restaurant, and waft her expensively to Regent's Park in a taxi. In which case they will both appreciate the sophistication of the navy-and-white two-piece (right). The frock is trimmed with appliqué bows and collar in the checked navy-and-white fabric of the bolero. This can be taken off, but is actually fastened to the frock, so that it is always on tidily. She 'll feel delightfully grown-up in this outfit, but not, as you see, too superior to join in the fun

Dover Street Studios

the bystander turns in search of NOVELTY

discovered by Peta
Pictured by Pam

Glass dishes for butter and cheese border a central wooden platter for bread or biscuits. Regent Plate, 52/6 with the servers, from Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co.



When you "fix the drinks" yourself, you'll find this fruit-squeezer invaluable, for it has a wire "sifter" which traps the pulp, so that the juice for your cocktails is delivered ready strained. In Regent Plate, 25/-, from Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., 112, Regent Street

Full marks to Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' coffee-liqueur unit: coffee-cup, cigarette-rest, and liqueur-glass on a small tray of Regent Plate. The kind of table accoutrement to put your dinner-party just one ahead of the rest. Sold separately, 10/6 each

Luck in large quantities on this white-embroidered lawn blouse from Duvelleroy, of 121, New Bond Street. The horse-shoes are cut out of petunia linen and hand embroidered on to the fabric. In any colours to order. Wear it at Olympia when your escort is competing, and wish him well at every jump

Soft Persian colourings for a bag and scarf set in Liberty hand-printed silk (left). On the right a black suède bag with a posy of felt flowers. There is a fixture on the bag to hold these, or they can be replaced by real ones. 35/-. The suède belt has small enamelled flower-motifs, too, and costs 27/6. (Liberty of Regent Street)

Gardener's Chronicle

Heat Wave

By R. C. Jenkinson

How good it is to enjoy that rare gift of the sun-god—a blazing May-June fortnight! As with human beings, so with plants: some do, some don't. Personally, I love it—like the cistus family. Now these charmers are to be found on the mountain slopes of Portugal and Spain, and running over the Pyrenean range into all Southern France, continue eastward to the Bosphorus. Anyone who knows the lands that the cistus decorate will know that they like sharp drainage and all the sun they can get. Their flowers are fugitive: some species fade even in the afternoon; but such is the profusion with which the flowers are borne that their display lasts over some weeks.

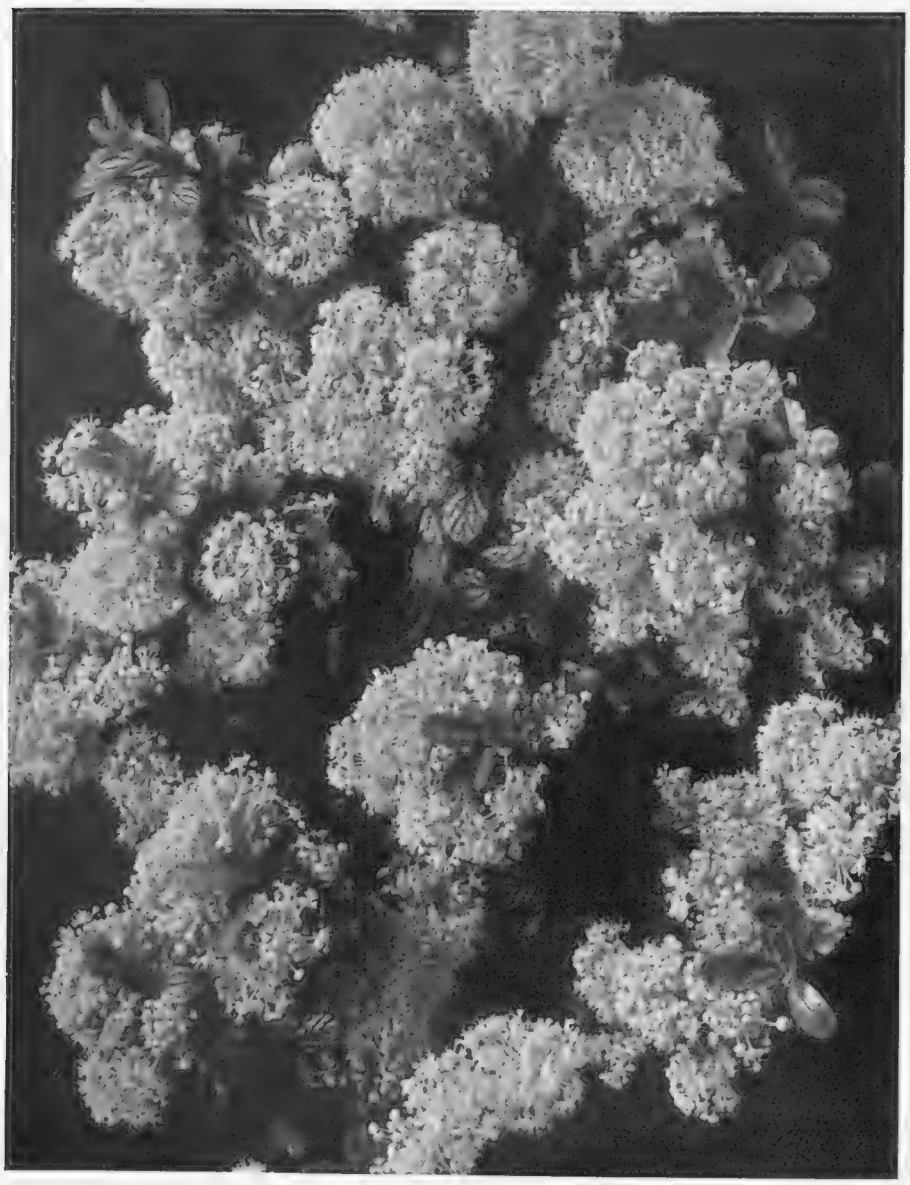
Cistus, or rock-roses, are evergreen shrubs of dwarf or medium-sized habit (up to seven or eight feet). They are not discriminating as to soil, so long as drainage is good; but observation shows that whereas they will *grow* in any soil, they are more likely to succumb to winter cold and wet in heavy, clammy soils than in light sandy soils. In the former conditions, therefore, they should be planted on a slope, with plenty of mortar-rubble, sand or burnt earth worked into the soil. They move badly, and must be planted out in their permanent positions; they should always be sent out in pots, and I think that the spring of the year is the best planting time.

The best-known of the family in our gardens is probably the gum-cistus (C. ladaniferus), a bush of seven or eight feet, with large, satiny-white flowers, with a small chocolate blotch at the base of each petal. It is a lovely plant, easily struck from cuttings, so that, should some specially unkind winter assail us and kill the cistus, there can always be a few plants in reserve. This question of propagation from cuttings applies to the whole family, and it is always a good thing to have a few plants in reserve; if they are not wanted to replace casualties, they can be used to fill up gaps in any sunny place, and when they grow too big, there need by no heart-searching about digging them up and throwing them away.

Cistus purpureus is another large-growing species, with bright purplish-pink flowers, dark-blotched, very gay and beautiful to behold.

Rather dwarfer, about three or four feet, there is C. populifolius var. lasiocalyx, the most beautiful of all white-flowered cistus, and, to my joy, this, whose hardiness I had rather doubted, has come through the last trying winter with flying colours—a winter which has fairly sorted out certain other members of the family. It pays double value, for the big round, golden-eyed flowers of snowiest velvet expand from fat buds enclosed by carmine bracts—the pink haze of dawn passing to a solid snowfield of hey-day.

Dwarfer still, there is the violet-rose of C. sunset, a brilliant, grey-foliaged creature, to be set away from any scarlet, or indeed any other bright colours, which it will promptly kill, except yellow. The best arrangement is to plant it with white cistus and golden broom, with perhaps that half-sister of the rock-roses, Halimium concolor, planted in the foreground: its clear yellow flowers tone well with Sunset. For wide and spreading dwarf bushes, two feet high, of white, give me Cistus corbariensis, as easy and free-flowering as any plant could be. There are many other species. As I have written before, I repeat: go and select which you like best at Kew.



Blanche Henrey

***Ceanothus Russellianus** is a hybrid evergreen variety suitable for growing on a wall or sheltered position in the open. It is the finest blue in the family*

The helianthemum, or sun-roses, are closely allied to cistus, but are altogether dwarfer plants for a rock garden, a dry wall or bank. They, too, are evergreen, loving the sun, good drainage and not too heavy a soil. Their flowers are single or double, and range from scarlet, pink, salmon and orange to yellow and pure white.

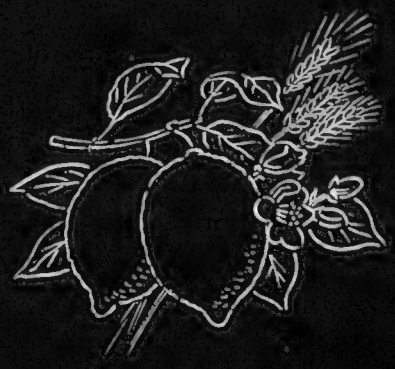
I saw a lovely bit of planting a day or two ago, as follows: from a hedge of powder-blue Ceanothus Veitchii sloped a twenty-foot bank. There were three or four clumps of yucca, while each end was fenced off by a group of New Zealand flax (Phormium tenax), from whose iron-grey, sword-like leaves spring eight-foot spires of maroon flowers. The upper slopes of this bank, which faces the south, and is composed of dry, sandy soil, were planted with masses of hybrid brooms (Cytisus), white, cream, golden, ruby and lilac, with various cistus, their colours chosen so as not to swear with the brooms, filling the remainder of the space, until they met an irregular band of helianthemum all along the bottom and flowing on to the path. This made an amazing bit of colour, and there could hardly be a better way of planting a piece of poor sandy ground.

Talking of ceanothus, the form called Russellianus is about as good a blue as any shrub could be. I have not tried it in the open yet—it probably prefers a south or west wall. How lovely it would be planted beside Fremontia californica, whose golden cups would be glorious next to the cobalt of the ceanothus.

By now everyone knows the Himalayan blue poppy (Meconopsis betonicifolia)—lover of deep, cool, limeless soils. That is good enough, but its variety called pratensis is better. On June 3rd I saw in a Surrey garden a large group of it on one side of a path, while betonicifolia itself was just opposite. This was not fair: I count mere size of no particular merit, but in this case the variety won all down the line: height, vigour, colour and roundness of its larger flowers. Everyone who can should grow it, and keep raising it from seed.

Unadulterated purity

KIA-ORA



"Bystander" Short Story

The Œdipus Complex

By V. S. Pritchett

Illustration by R. S. Ridgway

"Good morning, Mr. P.," said Mr. Pollfax, rinsing and drying his hands after the last patient. "How 's Mr. P. ? "

I was always Mr. P. until I sat in the chair and he had switched the lamp on and had my mouth open. Then I got a peerage.

"That 's fine, my lord," said Mr. Pollfax, having a look inside. Everything was fine to him.

Dogged, with its slight suggestion of doggish, was the word for Mr. Pollfax. He was a short man, waggish, hair going thin, with rather protruding buttocks and a sway to his walk. He had two lines, from habitual grinning, cut deep from the nostrils, and scores of lesser lines like the fine hair of a bird's nest round his egg-blue eyes. There was something innocent, heroic and determined about Mr. Pollfax, something of the English Tommy in tin hat and full pack going up the line. He suggested in a quiet way—war.

He was the best dentist I ever had. He got you into the chair, turned on the light, tapped around a bit with a thing like a spoon, and then, dropping his white-coated arm to his side, told you a story. Several more stories followed in his flat Somerset voice, when he had your mouth jacked up ; and then, removing the towel and with a final "Rinse that lot out," he finished with the strangest story of all and let you go. A month or so later the bill came in. Mr. Pollfax presents his compliments and across the bottom of it, in his hand, "Be good." I have never known a dentist like Mr. Pollfax.

"Open, my lord," said Mr. Pollfax. "Let 's see what sort of life his lordship 's been leading. I shall have to do some cleaning up, I see."

He tapped around and then dropped his arm. A look of anxiety came on his face. "Did I tell you that one about the girl who went to the Punch and Judy show ? No ? Nor the one about the engine-driver who was put on sentry duty in the war ? You 're sure ? When did I see you last ? What was the last one I told you ? Lord, that sounds like last April ? Well," said Mr. Pollfax, tipping back my head and squirting something on to a tooth. "We 'll have a go at that root at the back. It 's not doing you any good. It was like this. There was a girl sitting on the beach at Barmouth with her young man watching a Punch and Judy show . . . ."

He took an instrument and began chipping his way through the tooth and the tale.

"Not bad, eh ? " he said.

"Ah," I mouthed.

"All right, my lord," said Mr. Pollfax, withdrawing the instrument and relapsing into his dead professional manner. "Spit that lot out."

I spat and he began again.

There was just that root, Mr. Pollfax was saying. It was no good there. There was nothing else wrong ; he 'd have it out in a couple of shakes.

"Though, my lord," he said, "you did grow it about as far back in your throat as you could, didn't you, trying to make it as difficult as you could for Mr. Pollfax ? What we 'll do first of all is to give it a dose of something."

He swivelled the dish of instruments towards me and gave a tilt to the lamp. I remembered that lamp because once the bulb had exploded, sending glass all over the room. It was fortunate, Mr. Pollfax said at the time, that it had blown the other way and none of it had hit me, for someone might have brought a case for damages against someone—which reminded him of the story of the honeymoon couple who went to a small hotel in Aberdeen. . . .

"Now," said Mr. Pollfax, dipping things in little pots and coming to me with an injection needle. "Open wide, keep dead still. I was reading Freud the other day. There 's a man. Ever read Freud ? Don't move, don't breathe ; you 'll feel a prick, but for God's sake don't jump. I don't want it to break in your gum. I 've never had one break yet, touch wood, but they 're thin, and if it broke off you 'd be in a nursing home for three weeks and Mr. Pollfax would be down your throat looking for it. The trouble about these little bits of wire is they move a bit further into the system every time you swallow.

"There now," said Mr. Pollfax.

"Feel anything ? Feel it prick ? " he said. "Fine ! "

He went to a cupboard and picked out the instrument of extraction and then stood, working it up and down in his hand like a gardener's secateurs in his hand. He studied my face. He was a clean-shaven man and looked like a priest in his white coat.

"Some of the stories you hear ! " exclaimed Mr. Pollfax. "And some of the songs. I mean where I come from. 'The Lot that Lily Lost in the Lottery '—know that one ? Is your skin beginning to tingle ? Do you feel it on the tip of your tongue yet ? That 's fine, my lord. I 'll sing it to you."

Mr. Pollfax began to sing. He 'd give it another minute, he said, when he 'd done with Lily ; he 'd just give me the chorus of "The Night Uncle's Waistcoat Caught Fire."

"Tra, la, la," sang Mr. Pollfax.

"I bet," said Mr. Pollfax sadistically, "one side of Mr. P.'s face had gone dead and Mr. P.'s tongue feels like a pin-cushion."

"Bluh," I said.

"I think," he said, "we 'll begin."

So Mr. Pollfax moved round to the side of me, got a grip on my shoulders, and began to press on the instrument in my mouth. Pressing and drawing firmly he worked upon the root. Then he paused and increased the pressure. He seemed to be hanging from a crowbar to my jaw. Nothing happened. He withdrew.

"The Great Flood begins," said Mr. Pollfax putting a tube in my mouth and taking another weapon from the tray.

The operation began again. Mr. Pollfax now seemed to hang and swing on the crowbar. It was not successful.

"Dug himself in, has he ? " muttered Mr. Pollfax. He had a look at his instruments. "You can spit, my lord," he said.

Mr. Pollfax now seized me with great determination, hung, swung, pressed and tugged with increased energy.

"It 's no good you thinking you 're going to stay in," said Mr. Pollfax, speaking to the root. But the instrument slipped and a piece of tooth broke off as he said it.

"So that 's the game, is it ? " said Mr. Pollfax, withdrawing. "A good rinse, my lord, while Mr. Pollfax considers the position."

He was breathing hard.

Oh, well, he said, there were more ways than one of killing a cat. He 'd get the

(Concluded on page vi.)

"There," he cried, holding a fragment in his fingers

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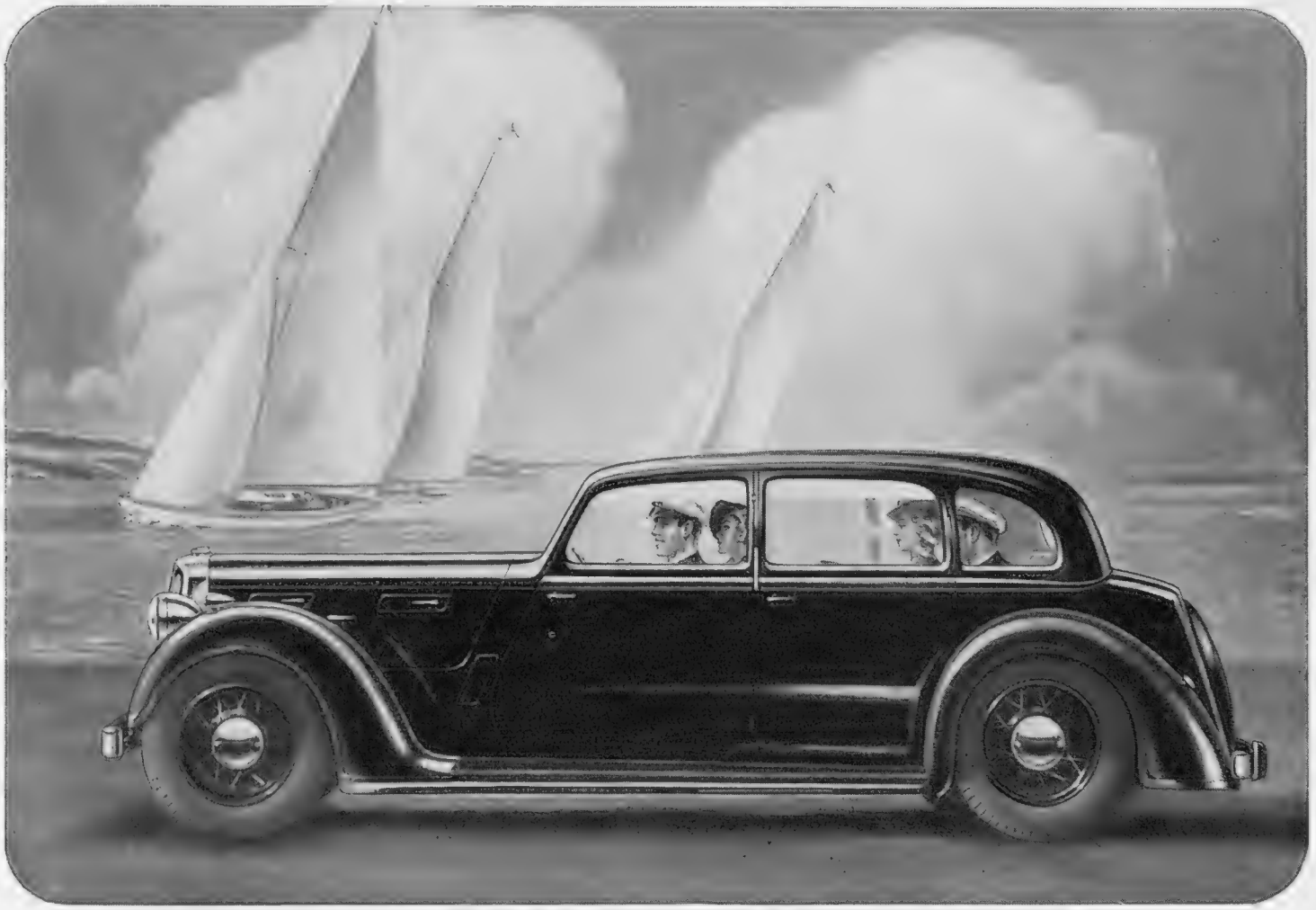

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Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

As these notes are being written the Le Mans race has not yet been run, but by the time you read them it will be a thing of the past.

How, I wonder, will the Lagonda have fared? Down at the works, at Staines, last week I was invited to a pre-view of the Le Mans car, and a very clean, workmanlike job it looked. The very neat manner in which the spare wheel is housed in the tail without in the least interrupting the streamline particularly impressed me. The good old days when Great Britain, represented by the irrepressible "Bentley Boys," dominated this important French race seem very far-off and legendary, but not a few of those same Bentley boys were there at Staines to give our latest representative, the Lagonda, a send off.

Inscrutable W. O. Bentley himself, Kensington-Moir, Dr. J. D. Benjafield and George Duller were four of the most notable ex-contestants present to give this car their blessing—let's hope it will have proved efficacious!

The New Wolseley "Ten" Drophead Coupé
Mr. Hess writes about it this week

At the recent Brighton Rally, and at the Scottish Rally, great interest and admiration was aroused by a very smart Wolseley drophead coupé on the new "Ten" chassis. In the Scottish event this car, competing against a very full and formidable entry, won the coachwork competition in the class for drophead coupés.

Now comes the welcome news that it has been added to the Wolseley range, at £270, including built-in jacks. Its graceful lines are modelled on those of the well-known 25 h.p. "Super-Six" drophead coupé. There is the same speed-suggestive downward sweep of the waistline, and the lavishness of the larger car's equipment and its air of luxury and distinction, have been faithfully reproduced.

There is a demand for a car which can be transformed at will to suit the unpredictable variances of the British climate, and this new Wolseley meets it admirably. It gives either the snug protection of a saloon, or the freedom and exhilaration of the open car. The folding hood, which follows the well-tried Wolseley counterpoise design, gives a light and easy movement, at the same time providing full strength. The coachwork is constructed with special regard to the prevention of squeaks. Not only is the body robust in itself, but it is mounted on a special dropped cruciform chassis-frame that provides an absolutely rigid foundation. The "Ten" o.h.v. engine is already well known for its exceptional power output. Its performance is convincing (70 m.p.h.), with exciting acceleration and a smooth pick-up, while economy is another strong feature of this car.

From the driver's point of view the car is particularly satisfying. The seating is

(*Concluded on page* iv)

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WOLSELEY

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Motoring Commentary

(*Continued from page* ii)

planned accurately, and supreme comfort is afforded by a combination of coiled springs in tension, together with "Dunlopillo" upholstery and "Hairlok." The finish of the new Wolseley, both internal and external, is of the high quality always associated with cars of this make. With its lively performance, spaciousness and comfort and its genuine coachbuilt appearance and "feel," this new "Ten" takes its place among the foremost of Britain's light cars.

"Bira" scored his fourth consecutive victory by winning the Nuffield Trophy at Donington in his cousin Prince Chula's E.R.A. He is now racing under Siamese colours and this picture of him shows the Siamese dragon mascot on his bonnet

WHAT a very disappointing affair the Nuffield Trophy race turned out to be. Yet again, thousands of people were present in the specific hope of seeing the new 1½-litre E.R.A. in action—and yet again, they were disappointed. Really, I am beginning to despair of British motor racing. Oh, yes. I know E.R.A. cars filled the first four places, and all that, but the winner was racing under Siamese colours, and his victory really was very largely due to Siamese enterprise. You must hand it to Prince Chula and "Bira."

"Bira" made motoring history by winning his fourth major event off the reel, and I have no hesitation whatsoever in asserting that the astonishing success of the White Mouse équipe is the outcome of sheer merit. "Bira" is a superb driver. His cars are prepared to consistent perfection, and Prince Chula controls the pit with uncanny efficiency. If genius is "an infinite capacity for taking pains," then the White Mouse outfit is characterised by genius.

I remember noticing at the Crystal Palace recently that Prince Chula was the only pit manager who had taken the trouble to erect tarpaulin coverings for his depot, and this is symptomatic of everything he does.

Every lap of every competitor is studiously logged throughout each race and comparisons are made on every lap, so that Prince Chula, as the nerve-centre, knows precisely how his man stands in relation to every other car.

"Bira" has absolute faith in the organisation which keeps him informed by signals on each lap, and he is well content to obey instructions implicitly. The result is a degree of team-work which leaves the others high and dry. To watch a "Bira" pit stop is as good as watching a Mercedes refuelling. Perfectly orderly speed and precision. Everything timed to a split second. Rehearsed and drilled to perfection. Plenty of haste, but no hustle.

As to "Bira's" outstanding driving ability, I think he has the advantage of that highly intuitive sense of *balance* which is racial. I believe that the same quality which makes the Orientals such wonderful jugglers enables him to poise his car on the verge of uncontrollability, without ever overdoing it by that fractional excess which spells disaster. However that may be, the White Mouse équipe is a joy to watch. All honour to the men who make racing in this country worth while. I only wish there was a British team one-half as efficient as they are.

I HAVE just received from the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders its Home Market Analysis for 1939. For folk like myself, with a taste for detail analysis, this production is an absolute delight. Every aspect of British motor manufacture and usage is covered, and among the innumerable interesting results which emerge is the computation of the average life of a private car in this country at 8·22 years Do you keep your cars that long?

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The Œdipus Complex

(*Continued from page 492*)

drill on it. There were two Jews standing outside Buckingham Palace when a policeman came by, he said, coming down at me with the drill, which made a whistling noise like a fishing line as he drew it through. The tube gurgled in my mouth. I was looking, as I always did at Mr. Pollfax's, at the cowls busily twirling on the chimneys opposite. Wind or no wind those cowls always seemed to be twirling round. Two metal cowls on two yellow chimneys—I always remember them.

"Spit, my lord," said Mr. Pollfax, changing to a coarser drill. "Sorry, old man, if it slipped, but Mr. Pollfax is not to be beaten."

The drill whirred again, skidding and whining; the cowls twirled on the chimneys, Mr. Pollfax's knuckles were on my nose. What he was trying to do, he said, was to get a purchase.

Mr. Pollfax's movements got quicker. He hung up the drill. He tapped impatiently on the tray, looking for something. He came at me with something like a button hook. He got it in. He levered like a signal man changing points.

"I'm just digging," he said. Another piece of tooth broke off.

Mr. Pollfax started when he heard it go and drew back.

"Mr. Pollfax is in a dilemma," he said.

Well, he'd try the other side. Down came the drill again. There were beads of sweat on his brow. His breath was shorter.

"You see," exclaimed Mr. Pollfax suddenly and loudly, looking bitterly up at his clock. "I'm fighting against time. Keep that head this way—hold the mouth. That's right. Sorry, my lord, I've got to bash you about, but time's against me."

"Why, damn this root," said Mr. Pollfax hanging up again. "It's wearing out my drill. We'll have to saw. Mr. Pollfax up against it."

His face was red now; he was gasping and his eyes were glittering. A troubled and emotional look came over Mr. Pollfax's face.

"I've been up against it in my time," exclaimed Mr. Pollfax forcefully between his teeth. "Heard of the Œdipus Complex?"

"Blah," I managed.

"I started well by ruining my father. I took every penny he had. That's a good start, isn't it?" he said, speaking very rapidly. "Then I got married. Perfectly happy marriage, but I went and bust it up. I went off with a French girl, and her husband shot at us out in the car one day. I was with that girl eighteen months, and she broke her back in a railway accident and I sat with her two years watching her die. Two bloody years. I've been through it. Then my mother died and my father was going to marry again—a girl young enough to be his daughter. I went up and took that girl off him, ran off to Hungary with her, married her, and we've got five children. Perfect happiness at last. I've been through the mill," said Mr. Pollfax, relaxing his chin and shining a torch down my mouth, "but I've come out in the end."

"A good rinse, my noble lord," said Mr. Pollfax.

"The oldest's fourteen," he said, getting the saw. "Clever girl—very clever with her hands."

He seized me again. Did I feel anything? Well, thank God for that, said Mr. Pollfax. Here we'd been forty minutes at this damned root.

"And I bet you're thinking why didn't Mr. Pollfax let sleeping dogs lie, like the telephone operator said. Did I tell you that one about the telephone operator? That gum of yours is going to be sore."

He was standing legs apart, chin trembling, eyes blinking, hacking with the buttonhook, like a wrestler putting on a headlock.

"Mr. Pollfax with his back against the wall," he said.

"Mr. Pollfax making a last-minute stand."

"On the burning deck!" he gasped.

"Whence," he added, "all but he had fled."

"Spit," he said. "And now let's have another look." He wiped his brow. "Don't say anything. Keep dead still. For God's sake don't let it hear you. My lords, ladies and gentlemen, pray silence for Mr. Pollfax. It's coming, it isn't. No, it isn't. It is. It is! There!" he cried, holding a fragment in his fingers.

He stood gravely to attention.

"And his chief beside, smiling the boy fell dead," said Mr. Pollfax. "A good and final rinse, my lord and prince."

THE END.

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British Airways Round the World: By Charles Ward

Major P. W. S. Bulman, the doyen of British test pilots, who flies for the Hawker-Siddeley group, at Brooklands

The All-Red Route

Our plans for air transport development, now to be put into practice by a new Corporation to be known as British Overseas Airways, include the regular operation of "All-Red" services round the world. Three years will elapse before these become an established fact, at least, for passengers, and in the interval, many more long-range aircraft must be built and the ground organisation perfected to handle air traffic with efficiency and safety. The Government has taken two steps to ensure that British civil aviation obtains a commanding position in world trade. The first is the merger of Imperials and British Airways, due to become effective on October 1. Subsidy will be advanced up to £4,000,000 annually, and borrowing powers for development are sanctioned at a maximum of £10,000,000. The second step is the proposed creation of a small but powerful body, to be known as the Civil Aviation Development Committee. The chairman will be a man of outstanding personality; members will be confined to representatives of B.O.A.C., the Air Registration Board, and the S.B.A.C. The main idea is to stimulate design and production of aircraft that suit the operators, thereby effecting a by-pass to avoid the Air Ministry's coloured tape which is stretched across the good old English winding road of official progress, bounded by trial and error on one side and modifications on the other. The market for aircraft is primarily national, but orders from foreign parts will be given in ever-increasing volume, so it 's up to us to study other people's requirements as well as our own. The R.A.F. is to give a hand by using aircraft designed for civil purposes to fulfil its own needs in regard to transport. Already, the Percival "Vega Gull" is on order for Army liaison work, and the de Havilland "Flamingo" will be used for carrying troops and stores.

The Big Four

The constructors of civil air transports in a big way are limited at the moment to four. Short Brothers, of Rochester, have designed and built the major part of Imperial Airways' present fleet, and are now engaged in completing three 32-ton flying-boats for the Atlantic, and a similar number of land-'planes of the same tonnage. The Hawker-Siddeley group has been responsible for the "Ensigns," fourteen of which were ordered for European and Empire services. This type is a 40-seater land-'plane of exceptionally graceful lines, and very comfortable for the passenger. De Havilland's, a company which has concentrated on the civil market since 1920, has supplied the fast "Frobisher" class for the Paris route, and is building the "Flamingo" in quantity for civil air routes and the R.A.F. The newcomer to commercial aviation is the Fairey organisation, which is constructing, to Government order, a number of fast liners that will have a speed approaching 300 miles an hour.

To Foreign Parts

Many of the most interesting cities and pleasure resorts can be reached by air only when flying in foreign aircraft, and it should be known that standards of operation and safety are approximately equal throughout Europe and America. On the Paris route, there has always been friendly rivalry between ourselves and Air France. From Friday last, the French company inaugurated a new schedule between London and Paris. Every hour, on the hour, except on Sundays, Wednesdays and Thursdays a sixteen-seater liner leaves each terminal to make the crossing in 75 minutes. This is the first time that a European air line has adopted such a schedule for the convenience of its passengers. It brings air-transport into line with public utility concerns, such as the railway and coach services, with frequent and regular departures enabling travellers to plan programmes with the maximum of convenience to themselves. The departure times will also be easy to memorise. It brings one step nearer the conception of an aerial "bus" service between London and Paris. The new timetables will involve a total of 22 daily cross-Channel flights, representing a total capacity of 352 passengers. If it 's Vichy for a cure, the Riviera for constant sunshine, or Corsica for something new in the way of romance, fly Air France—there are daily departures from Croydon. For Brussels and the attractive seaside resorts of Belgium, which have the special merit of being cheap to stay at and easy to reach from London, fly by S.A.B.E.N.A. There are twice-daily services to Ostend, Knocke, and Le Zoute during the summer. Sabena is the national air transport company of Belgium, connecting its capital with other European cities and with the Congo. The latter is but twenty-four hours distant in flying time from Brussels. Three and a half days is allowed for the trip, so that passengers can see as much country as possible en route. The line traverses the Equator from north to south, and therefore additional time to become accustomed, first of all, to desert heat, and on the third day to the damp of the tropical forest region, is appreciated.

A Cierva "Autogiro," seen when about to land in the rough. The pilot is Captain R. A. C. Brie, who has been making numerous tests on surfaces that would be quite unsuitable or too small for a normal fixed-wing aircraft

Power Ballistics

The aerial equivalent of the ballista, a military engine used by the Greeks for hurling great stones at the enemy, is a gun-turret, power-operated, and built by Parnalls of Yate. Two men have been responsible for the invention and development of this turret, which is used on all modern British aircraft. They are Captain Frazer-Nash, well known in the motor-racing world, and Captain Gratton-Thompson. Their company has recently increased its capital, the new issue being underwritten by the Prudential, sufficient guarantee if such were needed, that prospects are good. The system of control for gun turrets may not be completely described, for reasons of public policy, but it is known that the same system has many commercial applications, so that the company's future is not dependent on re-armament.

R.A.F. Garden Party

The family of the late Sir Philip Sassoon have requested that this function should still be held at Trent Park on June 24th.

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The "Bystander's" June Travel Guide

By Hugh C. Wallace

● GOING AWAY . . . COMPILED BY ONE OF THE MOST INVETERATE AND EXPERIENCED OF TRAVELLERS, THIS SECTION OF THE "BYSTANDER" APPEARS EACH MONTH. IT DISCUSSES THE IDEAL CRUISES AND RESORTS THROUGHOUT THE YEAR IN GOOD TIME FOR RESERVATIONS TO BE MADE

Le Zoute has an excellently-run bathing establishment with terraces above where everyone sits and drinks and watches the free entertainment of beach life

Sea- and Sun-Bathing

The Sea in the North

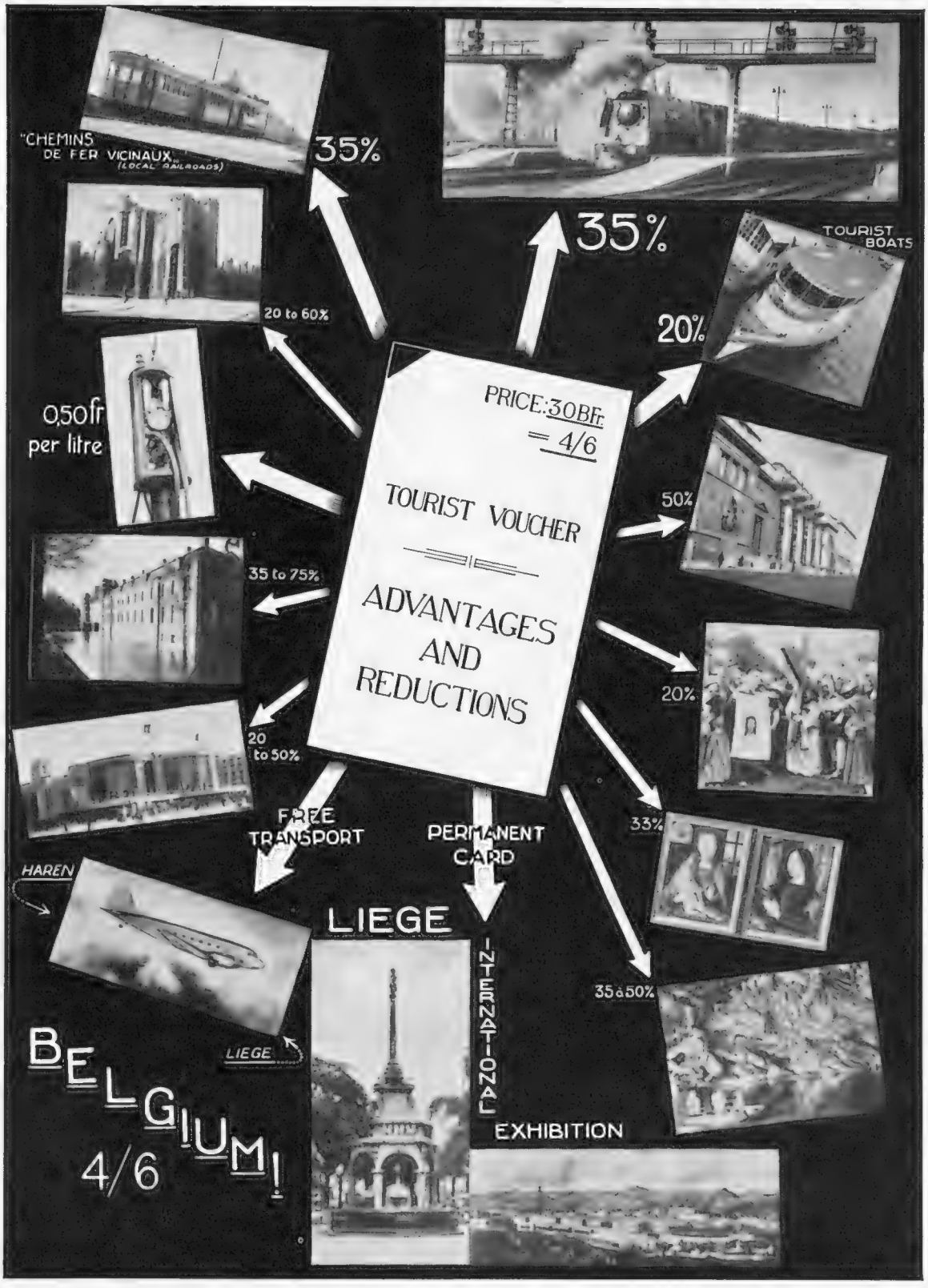
THE great question agitating many English families at the present moment is one with which they have been grappling for quite a while and which has now been made acute by the coming of the glorious sunshine. Where is the sea-bathing and sun-bathing holiday to be spent? There are so many good beaches within easy distance of our doors that the problem might very well be settled for some by the spinning of a coin. There are others, though, who like to compare and contrast possibilities and finally come to something that they regard as a "considered judgment," and for them it may be useful to write about rival resorts and their respective merits.

Little, if anything, need be said of Malo-les-Bains, Wimereux, and Le Touquet, in Picardy; of Étretat, Deauville and Trouville, in Normandy; and of Dinard, St. Cast and La Baule, in Brittany, with the hundred-and-one little places that in some ways share the glamour of their noted neighbours. The

(Continued on page D)

***Knocke** has built itself a fine new casino, very modern in style with its vast expanse of glass and simple lines, and in brilliant contrast to the ornate and luscious casino-esque of the past. Its windows and balconies look out over the North Sea, and down the busy street that borders the front (above right). To Knocke come for gambling, dancing, concerts, the holiday populations of several of the nearby resorts that have no casinos of their own*

COME TO BELGIUM



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***Ostend** has a Casino-Kursaal which lights up the night sky and draws its gamblers and audiences from all along the coast. Play at the roulette and baccarat high tables often reaches Monte Carlo dimensions. Concert lists include the names of the finest international musicians*

Sea- and Sun-Bathing

(Continued from page B)

praise of all these has been sung so consistently and so deservedly that we may lift our eyes from them and have a look at others, of whom something has indeed been heard but whose merits really claim for them a far larger share than they have yet received of our people's attention.

Is there really any other part of Europe where the sea- and sun-bather can get so much for his money as on the Belgian coast?—and, after all, the economy factor cannot be ignored these days. Here, between La Panne (hard by the French frontier) and Le Zoute (close to the Dutch border) are nearly fifty miles of bathing beaches, or perhaps one should say, of a bathing beach, composed of the most pure and perfect sands, without a pebble anywhere. It is difficult to write of such a coastline of unrelieved excellence without seeming to be extravagant. It has every kind of resort, from the quiet little hamlet for the family party to the fashionable resort boasting every kind of diversion, and all linked up by means of a faultless motor road and a most convenient tramway thoughtfully provided with comfortable observation-cars. Behind are the sand-dunes, haunt of picnickers, and further inland some of the most quaint and picturesque villages imaginable.

It is invidious to pick out spots for special mention when all are so good, but it may be permissible to mention half a dozen of the most outstanding.

In the very centre and also at the apex is Ostend, with its most attractive and ever-gay front. This marvellous place, with its sands running to a depth of 500 yards, its Casino and concert hall, its race meetings and popular galas, not to speak of its sumptuous hotels, is only 5¼ hours from London if the journey is made by train and boat, and but 45 minutes from Croydon by air.

Among other places are La Panne, with its specially fine dunes and its sand-yachting; Westende, with its elegant villas and its slight touch of aloofness that gives it its peculiar distinction; Blankenberghe, Ostend's near neighbour and formidable rival, boasting "one million square yards of fine sands," rendered vivid in the season by the presence of some 1500 cabins and tents.

Knocke has a new Casino of which it is very proud, the most up to date of the Belgian coast. From mid-July to the end of August a fine musical programme has been arranged; with such artists as Horowitz, Hindemith, Tauber, Alexander Uninski appearing during the season.

For light-hearted lowbrows there are music-hall evenings, plenty of light music, and some famous bands to dance to. Maurice Chevalier and Lucienne Boyer are two big names who include Knocke in their summer engagements. Apart from the night life with its dancing and gambling and restaurants and entertainments, and away from the dazzling gay beach, there is the Knocke that is called "the garden of the north," with charming shady parks, leafy avenues and flowery gardens, very fresh and peaceful.

(Continued on page F)

***Ghent** is one of the towns for the sake of which beachcombers brush the sand off themselves and go inland by car, train, or tram. It is full of wonderful old buildings, pictures and history*

***Bruges** likewise is full of sunburnt tourists every afternoon, who come from the seaside to listen to the bells, climb the Belfry, dream over the canals. An international exhibition of his paintings celebrates Hans Memling's fifth centenary this year*

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***Antwerp** leads a double life—on the one hand as a busy seaport, on the other as a treasure-house of pictures and architecture. Its skyline from across the harbour speaks for both lives, with the Cathedral of Notre Dame close to a great skyscraper*

Sea- and Sun-Bathing *(Continued from page D)*

Incidentally, it appears to be the favourite summer haunt of the Belgian royal family.

At Le Zoute, where, too, the King of the Belgians has or had a villa, town and country meet in the most delightful way. From its fine aerodrome there are regular services to England, Holland, and Germany.

Besides these six places, there are at least a score of others equally good in their own way. All along the coast the bathing is absolutely safe. And in spite of the fact that it is in the North Sea, it is not at all cold. It is true the bather has the tonic air he might have expected, but he has also the generous warmth of the Gulf Stream, which he may have left outside his calculations.

As for sports other than aquatic, there are some first-class golf-links, tennis courts in abundance, and ideal motor-roads leading out to an attractive hinterland.

In intervals stolen from the bathing beach British visitors should make pilgrimage to Zeebrugge, the scene of Sir Roger Keyes' "great adventure," and to Menin Gate, with its solemn memorial to the proud memory of 58,600 officers and men of the British Empire who fell in the Ypres Salient and have "no known grave." Here every night, wet or fine, be the visitors few or many, the bugles sound the

***Brussels** is only an hour and a half by train from the coast. Here again are uncounted riches of architecture, pictures, museums. The Cathedral itself dates partly from 1220, the twin towers from the fifteenth century*

Spa, godmother because of its name to all other spas, and famous since Roman days for its Springs or "Pouhons," lies in the wooded, hilly south-east, over against the Ardennes. It has a casino and all the distractions which water-drinkers and bath-takers demand in the leisure hours of their cure

"Last Post" as an act of homage to those whose bodies rest in what is now, in a very deep and profound sense, "for ever England."

Then towns like Bruges and Ghent are near at hand. Bruges, now a bit of quaint mediævalism, was once the commercial centre of Europe. To-day it is a Mecca of artists, and in ambitious moments claims to be "the Venice of the North." In Bruges the summer-time visitor had better make his way to the little Square in the shadow of the Belfry and join the company of listeners hushed to silence by the chiming of the famous bells, or climb the endless Belfry stairs for a superb view of the Flemish Plains.

Ghent, too, is picturesque, and in her Cathedral may be seen some very fine paintings, the most notable being the "Adoration of the Lamb" by Hubert and Jan van Eyck.

It is an easy matter, too, to have a look into Holland, one of the best excursions being to Middelburg (Isle of Walcheren) on market day (Thursday), when the Square will be found to be full of country folk all gorgeously attired in the costumes of the districts from which they hail.

Further, let it not be forgotten that Brussels, Belgium's colourful capital city, and with its art and architecture one of the most inviting in Europe, is less than an hour-and-a-half's journey from the coast by train.

(*Continued on page* H)

***Huy** is one of the lovely towns on the Meuse, half-way between Namur and Liége. At Liége itself the International Exhibition is the big event of this year*

OSTEND

CASINO-KURSAAL

OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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WITH WORLD-RENOWNED ARTISTES

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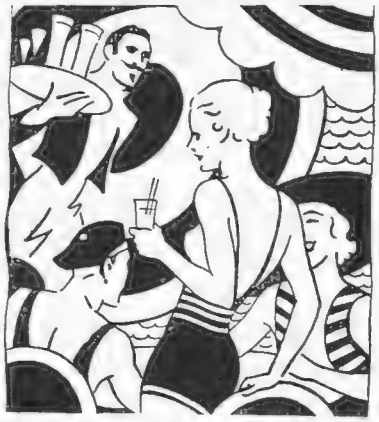

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July **9** to September: 35 days of Horse Races on 2 Courses—£50,000 in prizes.

July **22, 23, 24:** AERIAL RALLY, Great Britain-Deauville, under the patronage of the Royal Aero Club. For information apply to Cdt. Harold Perrin, 119, Piccadilly.

Sunday, Aug. 27: GRAND PRIX DE DEAUVILLE.

Sale of Yearlings; Polo; Horse Show; International Regattas; Tennis; 2 Golf Links; Children's Sports and Activities; 2 Physical Culture Clubs.

20 GALAS at the RESTAURANT DES AMBASSADEURS.

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Velden has innumerable "strandbäder," some busy and crowded like this one, others secluded and quiet

Sea- and Sun-Bathing *(Continued from page G)*

A Lake in the South

IF an inland sea is sought, there is much to be said for that magnificent sheet of water, the Wörthersee, in the extreme south of Germany. Probably this is so far off the beaten track that some readers will want to inquire first of all where it is and then how it is to be reached. The answers to both questions are simple and straightforward. The Wörthersee is one of the "sapphire wonders" of that "land of song and lakes," Carinthia, the province that lies between Salzburg on the north and Yugo-Slavia on the south. The majority of English visitors reach it by travelling along the Innsbruck-Vienna line as far as Schwarzach-St.-Veit and then proceeding via Bad Gastein and the Tauern Tunnel. Now it is possible to reach it from quite another direction—

(Concluded on page J)

***Mallnitz** is one of the lovely little mountain villages of Carinthia to which expeditions can be made from the lakeside resorts*

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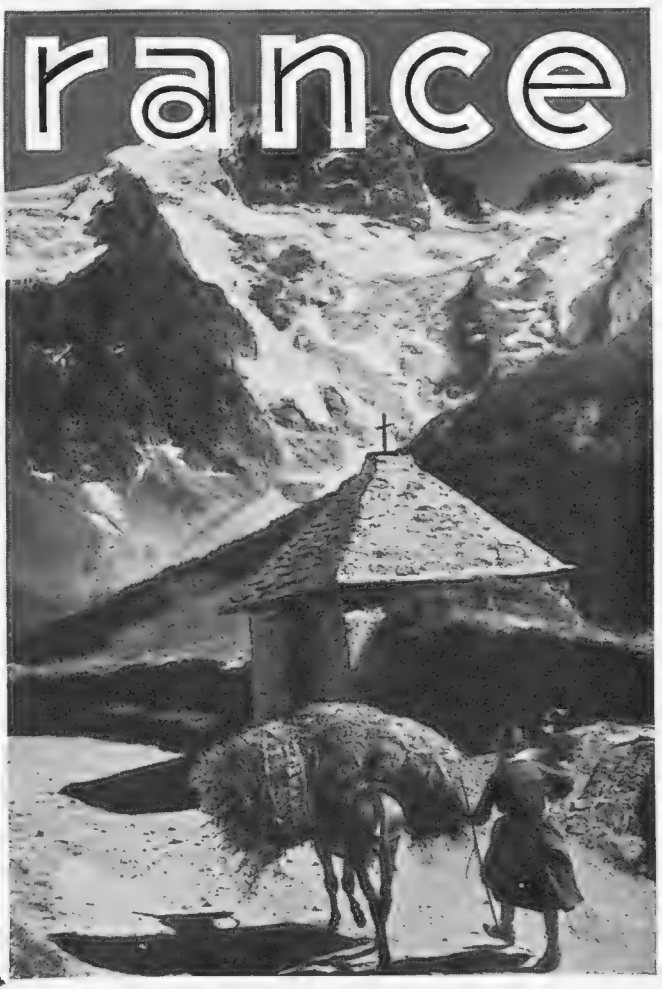

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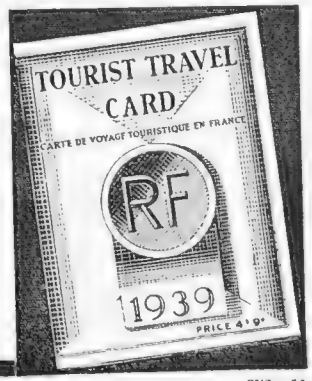

CVS—52

The Wörthersee, in Carinthia, lies below the long range of the Karawanken Mountains, with Velden (above) on one side of the lake, Pörtschach on the other

Sea- and Sun-Bathing

(Continued from page H)

namely, from Venice by means of the new and very comfortable motor-coach service. This is an altogether delightful journey.

Carinthia is possessed of one quality that should appeal to those who dwell under our somewhat dull skies. It has, as a rule, the driest summer weather known throughout Europe. So far no one seems to have been able to explain this meteorological fact, but fact it is that Carinthian skies are less given to the practice of temperamental whims than those of any other Alpine region.

There are two resorts, Velden and Pörtschach, on opposite sides of the lake. One is quiet and takes itself rather seriously, and the other is busy and a little inclined to hustle but is not at all expensive. Around the Wörthersee is a trim and tidy countryside, with delightful walks through sweet-scented woods and meadows, and motor excursions long and short—not to mention the matter of a golf course with a gorgeous view, the lake on one side and the long range of the Karawanken Mountains on the other. It is the lake, though, with its multitudinous occupations in the way of motor-boat races and regattas and swimming matches and surf-riding that really holds the holiday-maker. The water is warmer than in any other Alpine lake, which explains why so many families, big and little, spend practically all day long in it. The season continues into October.

For the sightseer . . . there's picturesque Nassau, itself; the Marine Gardens with their many-shaped corals, sea anemones, which one views in glass-bottomed boats; the Lake of Fire; the Fountain of Youth; Treasure Island; and many other glamorous spots.

For the adventurous . . . there are tales of Buccaneers and Hidden Treasure, for, ever since Christopher Columbus first claimed this as the New World, the Bahamas have been famous in sea history.

For your information . . . a ten-day cruise from England brings you to the Bahamas, or you may proceed via New York in luxury ships, there to take 'plane, train or steamer to Nassau.

Enjoy life! There's something for everyone, here, in these "Isles of June."

For the romantic . . . there's the sun-drenched glory of sub-tropical islands, of coral sand beaches and waving palm trees—the mystic beauty of the moon at night.

For the sports-minded . . . there's the thrill of big-game fishing, yachting, sea bathing, racing, polo, lawn tennis and golf.

For the health-seeker . . . there's year-round sunshine and an equable climate around 70° in winter and about 80° in summer, with fresh, cool sea breezes to prevent humidity. (Rheumatics—take note!)

For the socially-minded . . . there are tea rooms, theatres, the Jungle and other Clubs. Beach picnics and cocktail parties by sun and moon light.

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Casino: Roulette-Baccara-Klondyke

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The season is packed with interesting events, including the International Water Exhibition at Liege (May-November), the Memlinc Exhibition of Paintings at Bruges and the picturesque Play of the Holy Blood, also at Bruges (August 5th-13th).

The low cost of living favours the British holiday-maker. Hotels are good, modern and inexpensive.

NEW! *BELGIAN TOURIST VOUCHER* **(price 4s. 6d.) affording a reduction of 35% in fares on the Belgian Railways; also reduced entrance fees to various places of interest.**

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There is the Germany of bustle and business, Hamburg with its forest of masts, Berlin with its tall offices and crowded streets · Munich, Vienna, Cologne, Frankfurt and many more where the tide of life flows fast and strong.

There is artistic Germany which finds exquisite expression at the great music Festivals of Bayreuth and Salzburg, on the walls of the Zwinger in Dresden and upon a thousand stages in as many townships, spas, coast resorts and centres of industry.

Sporting Germany races its bloodstock at Munich, its cars at the Nürburgring, its yachts at Kiel. It has provided stadia, tennis courts, golf courses and watersports wherever you go.

And the Germany of Snow White, of the Minnesingers, the home of elves and gnomes, knights and barons, romantic Germany, will remain so long as her old castles dream in the sun above the silver Rhine.

Visitors from Britain are heartily welcomed at all times. They will find that friendliness and the sincere desire to help are characteristics common to every German they meet.

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40% to 50% SAVING BY PURCHASE OF TRAVEL MARKS

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Dixon — Grimble

Michael Grey Dixon and Patricia Margaret Grimble were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. He is in the Indian Political Service, is the son of the Rev. T. H. and the late Mrs. Dixon, of 13, Woburn Square, W.C.; she is the only daughter of Major Neville Grimble and of Mrs. William Towers-Clark, of Old Garth, Bembridge, I.O.W.

Kittoe — Arbuthnot

It was a City wedding at St. Mary's, Moorfields, between Raymond Montagu Cecil Kittoe, son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. M. F. Kittoe, of Leafland, Harrow-on-the-Hill, and Rosalind Philippa Arbuthnot, daughter of the late Captain Maurice Arbuthnot, and of Mrs. McKenny, of 54, Palace Gardens Terrace, W.

Robinson — Blair

Lieut.-Commander Terence Corin Robinson, R.N., only son of Dr. and Mrs. G. A. Robinson, of 20, Park Row, Nottingham, married Diana Blair, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. She is the younger daughter of the late Captain Duncan Blair and Mrs. Blair, of 175, Dorset House, N.W.

Pearl Freeman

Yvonne Gaunt

Is the younger daughter of Admiral Sir Ernest and the late Lady Gaunt, and lives at 22, Redcliffe Road, S.W.10. She is engaged to Seth Allen (Dick) Fox, only son of Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Fox, of Prittlewell, Essex

Bassano

Mrs. Vivian Schofield

Has announced her engagement to Edward FitzClarence, only son of the late Brig.-General Charles FitzClarence, V.C., and Mrs. FitzClarence, of 16, Chapel Street, S.W.1. She is the youngest daughter of Mrs. A. J. Chotzner, of Hove, and lives at 88, Cadogan Place, S.W.1

Maude — Wilson

Simon Napier Leslie Maude, R.A.F., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Aylmer Probyn Maude, of 3, Airlie Gardens, W., and Juliet Audrey Wilson, daughter of Capt. Sugden Wilson, of Lock's Manor, Hurstpierpoint, and Mrs. Godfrey Lawson, Blue Anchor Bay, Somerset, were married at Brompton Oratory

Fayer

Sibyl Elfrida Keane

Is the elder daughter of the late Richard H. Keane, of Cappoquin, Co. Waterford, and Mrs. Keane, of 8, Cadogan Court, S.W.3. She is engaged to Hugh Jocelyn Delmege, son of the late James O'Grady Delmege, and Mrs. Delmege, of Castle Park, Co. Limerick

Vandyk

Babette Hamilton-Smith

Is the daughter of the late Hon. F. H. Hamilton-Smith, and Mrs. J. F. Hardy-Smith, of Apple Tree Court, Lyndhurst, Hants., and granddaughter of Lord Colwyn. Her fiancé is John B. B. Ferguson, Royal Tank Corps, son of Mr. and Mrs. V. B. Ferguson, of Abbotsdene, Charlton Kings, Cheltenham

Rhys-Roberts — Eccles

At St. Peter's, Eaton Square, Thomas Esmôr Rhys-Roberts, The East Lancashire Regt., only son of the late Arthur Rhys-Roberts and Mrs. Rhys-Roberts, of 211, Ashley Gardens, Westminster, married Barbara Ruth Eccles, daughter of the late Harold Eccles and Mrs. Eccles, of Sykes Holt, near Blackburn

Milne — Howard

This Anglo-American wedding was at St. George's, Hanover Square. James Terence Geddes Milne is the son of Sir James and Lady Milne, of Dildawn, Woldingham, Surrey; Virginia Lee Howard is the daughter of Mr. Charles Raymond Howard, Assistant Treasury Attaché at the U.S. Embassy, and Mrs. Howard, of 14, Spencer Road, W.4

Durant — Seymour

The King gave permission for the use of the Chapel Royal, Hampton Court, for the wedding of Lieut. Bryan Cecil Durant, R.N., only son of the late Francis Durant and Mrs. Durant, of Garrick's Lodge, Hampton, and Pamela Seymour, younger daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. William Seymour, of 13, Morpeth Mansions, S.W.

Scrope — Weld

Simon Scrope and Constance Mary Weld had a Dorset wedding in the chapel of her family's home at Chideock. He is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Scrope, of Danby; she is the only child of Mr. and the late Mrs. Everard Weld, of Flaxbourne, N.Z. and granddaughter of the late Sir Frederick Weld, of Chideock Manor

(Concluded on page N)

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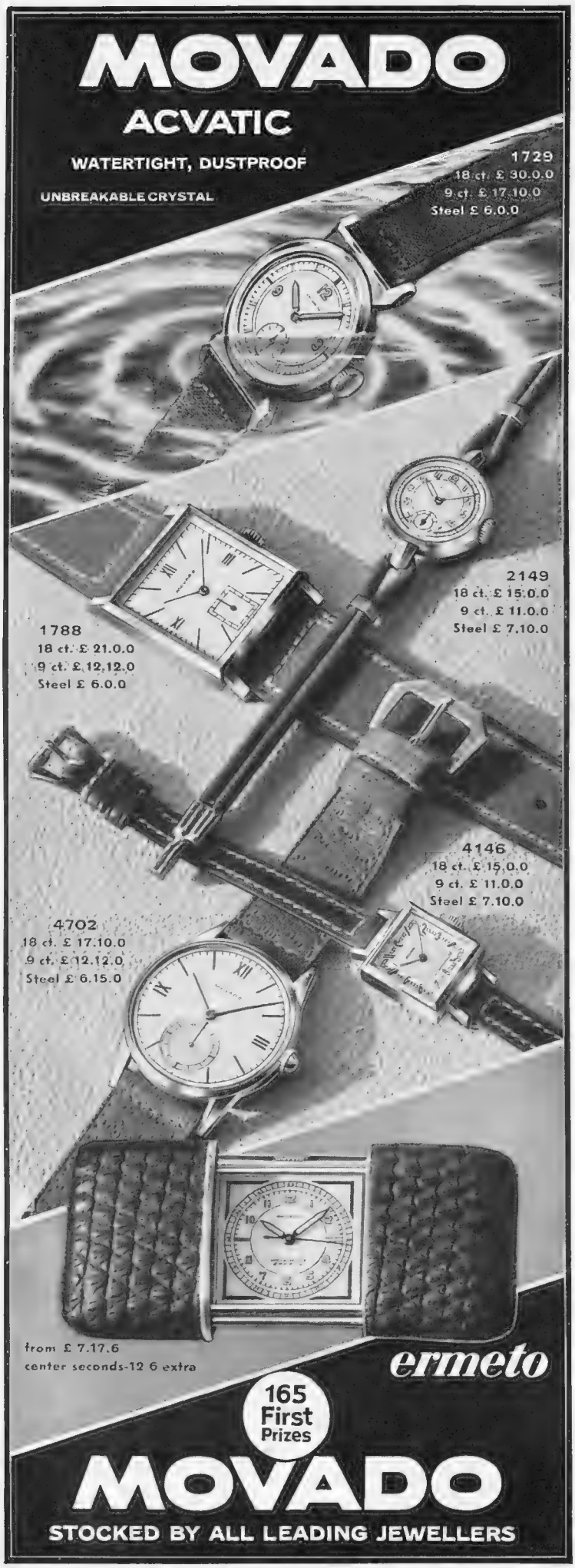

Getting Married *(Continued from page M)*

Bassano

Eileen Mary Gardner

Is the only daughter of Capt. E. Neville Gardner, of Seaton, Devon, and Mrs. Raymond E. Paley, of 35, Earl's Court Gardens, S.W.; she is engaged to Roderick Wallis Parkes, of H.B.M. Legation, Kabul, son of the late Llywelyn Child Parkes and Mrs. Parkes, of 140, Cromwell Road, S.W.

Pearl Freeman

Daphne Barker

Daphne Gabrielle Clemency Barker, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Worsley Barker, of Pickhill Hall, Wrexham, Denbigh, is engaged to Michael James Gibbon, elder son of the late Capt. James Gibbon and Mrs. Gibbon, of Abberton Hall, Pershore, Worcs.

Dorothy Murray Macpherson

Is the daughter of James Murray Macpherson and the late Mrs. Murray Macpherson, of Acharra, Colinton, Edinburgh and is engaged to Archibald Donald Duncan Mathieson, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Mathieson, of Donne Terrace, Edinburgh

Kay Vaughan

Joan Madeline Bowring

Is the elder daughter of Mr. Eric Bowring, of St. Johns, Newfoundland, and Mrs. Bowring, of 65, South Edwardes Square, W.8; her fiancé is Oliver James Vaughan Jackson, F.R.C.S., elder son of Surgeon-Capt. and Mrs. P. Vaughan-Jackson, of Sneyd, Berkhamsted

Lenare

Iris Dorothea Parke

Is the daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Lawrence Parke, J.P., D.L., and Mrs. Parke, of Morcton Heath, Dorset; her fiancé is Edward Rocksborough Smith, elder son of the Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Algoma and Mrs. Rocksborough Smith, of Sault Str. Marie, Ontario

Catherine Bell

Diana Scott

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. H. Scott, of Longwood House, Westmead, S.W.15; she is to marry John Kennedy Cater, only son of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Cater, of Larkmead, Theydon Bois, Essex

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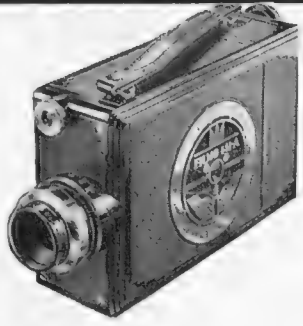

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The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

June 21—June 27

First Night and Matinee days are correct at going to press, but readers are advised to check them with the dailies

THEATRES

Straight Plays

BEHOLD THE BRIDE.—Luise Rainer with a lively performance proves that an actress can rise superior to a poor play; Jeanne de Casalis, Evelyn Roberts support her: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

BRIDGE HEAD.—A gripping and well charactered play about the Irish Land Commission at work—Commissioners Wilfrid Lawson and Stephen Murray hold the stage: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

BRIDGE OF SIGHS.—An episode of Russian history; Judy Kelly as Catherine the Great, Reginald Tate as Orloff: St. Martin's, 8.30.

THE CORN IS GREEN.—Emlyn Williams's biographical play is full of life; Sybil Thorndike as a go-ahead Welsh schoolmistress, Williams as her genius protegé: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

DEAR OCTOPUS.—Cast headed by Marie Tempest, Valerie Taylor, Leon Quartermaine, John Gielgud does justice to Dodie Smith's family portraiture: Queen's, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DESIGN FOR LIVING.—Noel Coward's triangle makes bright entertainment; Rex Harrison delightfully at home, Diana Wynyard and Anton Walbrook not quite: Savoy, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ELECTRA.—Last of the performances given here by the Royal Theatre of Greece: His Majesty's, to-night, 21st, 8.30.

GROUSE IN JUNE.—A fresh and witty light comedy about Americans in Scotland, with Richard Goolden, Constance Lorne, Billie Ryan: Criterion, 8.40. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE INTRUDER.—Eric Portman heads a distinguished cast including Mary Hinton and Jill Furse in this entanglement of emotions; well translated from François Mauriac's *Asmodée*: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MAN IN HALF MOON STREET.—Another scientific thriller from the author of *Dr. Clitterhouse*; Leslie Banks leads a strong cast: New, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

OF MICE AND MEN.—Claire Luce, Niall McGinnis and John Mills in John Steinbeck's strong, grim American tale: Apollo, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

ONLY YESTERDAY.—Adrian Brunel's life-in-war-time play has Irene Vanbrugh, Dorothy Hyson, Colin Keith-Johnston: Playhouse, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

PERICLES.—A lavish production, with music and dancing, of this lesser-known Shakespeare: Open Air Theatre, 8.15. Tues., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

PYGMALION.—Margaret Rawlings as Eliza and Basil Sydney as Higgins in this Shaw revival: Haymarket, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

QUIET WEDDING.—Frank Lawton and Elizabeth Allan continue their jolly pre-matrimonial worries; cheap seats: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

RHONDDA ROUNDABOUT.—A kaleidoscopic, honest, sometimes touching, sometimes naïve picture of life and characters in a Welsh mining valley: Globe, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STRATFORD FESTIVAL.—Shakespeare's plays in his birthplace by a good company: Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TO KILL A CAT.—Enid Stamp-Taylor, Margaretta Scott and Clifford Mollison in a competent comedy-thriller: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

TONY DRAWS A HORSE.—Good light entertainment at the expense of Lilian Braithwaite's respectability outraged by Diana Churchill: Comedy, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

WHEN WE ARE MARRIED.—Priestley's hilarious comedy pokes fun at Yorkshire morality; cheap seats: Prince's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WOMEN.—Clare Boothe's play hands raps to most of her sex in a bright, big, all-American production led by Karen Peterson: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

With Music

BLACK AND BLUE.—Frances Day and Vic Oliver head a lively cast and chorus in this "intimate rag": Hippodrome, 6.30 and 9.

THE DANCING YEARS.—Glamorous Vienna of waltzes is Ivor Novello's new musical setting with Mary Ellis and Roma Beaumont: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FARJEON'S LITTLE REVUE.—The author and the cast (Hermione Baddeley, Cyril Ritchard, etc.) of *Nine Sharp* turn further witty lights on contemporary phenomena: Little, 9. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE GATE REVUE.—Walter Crisham and Hermione Gingold head the cast in this witty Christmas piece turned perennial: Ambassadors, 9. Fri., 2.30.

ME AND MY GIRL.—Lupino Lane and George Graves continue to hand out laughs generously in the low-down on high life: Victoria Palace, 6.20 and 9.

REVUDEVILLE No. 121.—Unique and intimate style of entertainment in a cosy theatre; ballet, humour, song and slapstick are mixed topically with revudebelles to flavour: Windmill, 1.30-11.30 non-stop.

UNDER YOUR HAT.—Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge's return to musical comedy is a glorious roar from start to finish: Palace, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

"The Man in Half Moon Street"

Barré Lyndon's second thriller is well settled at the New Theatre, and Leslie Banks, in the name-part, continues to surprise and horrify the audience with his scientific audacity and acumen

Variety

VARIETIES can be seen in London at the Coliseum (6.25 and 9); the Holborn Empire (6.20 and 9); and the Prince of Wales' (2-11.30 non-stop).

RUTH DRAPER.—The American diseuse in a programme including a number of new sketches; Vaudeville, 8.45. Tues. Thurs., 2.45.

First Night

AFTER THE DANCE.—*French Without Tears* author's second play is more serious; Robert Harris and Catherine Lacey play ex-bright young things: St. James's, to-night, 21st.

CINEMAS

BEETHOVEN (French).—Harry Baur plays the composer, the Conservatoire orchestra plays the music; a strong study of loves and work in Beethoven's life: Curzon.

CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY (American).—Edward G. Robinson in a new, but not so new, role: Warner.

EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN (American).—Marriage troubles in this comedy with Bing Crosby, Mischa Auer, Joan Blondell and a baby: Regal.

LA FEMME DU BOULANGER (French).—A coarse, jolly, satirical tale of Provençal village life; trade, feuds, cocuage and Raimu: Berkeley.

GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS (British).—Robert Donat and Greer Garson are Mr. and Mrs. Chips in the film of James Hilton's novel: Empire.

HOTEL DU NORD (French).—A realist film of life in the Paris slums with a romanticised ending; Annabella, Louis Jouvet, Arletty: Paris.

INVITATION TO HAPPINESS (American).—Irene Dunne and Fred MacMurray in a tale of love, marriage and ambition: Plaza.

JAMAICA INN (British).—This new film from Daphne du Maurier is a tough, rough period piece about wreckers; Laughton heads a strong cast: Regal (last days).

JESSE JAMES (American).—Tyrone Power as the toughest bandit in American history, Henry Fonda supports: Gaumont.

LOUISE (French).—Charpentier's opera makes a film for Grace Moore: Carlton.

PETER THE GREAT (Russian).—A fine historical film from Alexei Tolstoy's book; Simonov plays the name-part: Academy.

STAGECOACH (American).—How a group of people make the stage from Tonto to Lordsburg and what happens to them (plenty!): Odeon.

THE STORY OF VERNON AND IRENE CASTLE (American).—Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire re-play in a romanticised form the career of the pre-war dance pair: New Gallery.

THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP (American).—Deanna Durbin sings and smooths the course of true love for others: Marble Arch Pavilion.

TROUBLE BREWING (British).—George Formby and Googy Withers and some counterfeiting: London Pavilion.

YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN (American).—W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy in debt and the show business: Leicester Square Theatre.

OPERA and BALLET

EDUCATIONAL BALLETS, COVENT GARDEN:

GOOD-HUMOURED LADIES, CENDRILLON, PRINCE IGOR.—To-day, 21st, 2.30.
JEUX D'ENFANTS, FILS PRODIGUE, CHOREARTIUM.—To-night, 21st, 8.45.
CONCURRENCE, FILS PRODIGUE, PROTÉE, AURORA.—Thurs., 22nd.
CARNAVAL, LAC DES CYGNES, CENDRILLON.—Fri., 23rd, 8.45.
CONCURRENCE, CARNAVAL, AURORA.—Sat., 24th, 2.30.
SYLPHIDES, FILS PRODIGUE, CHOREARTIUM.—Sat., 24th, 8.45.
GOOD-HUMOURED LADIES, CENDRILLON, PROTÉE, DANSES POLOVSTIENNES.—Mon., 26th, 8.45.
JEUX D'ENFANTS, FILS PRODIGUE, COQ D'OR.—Tues., 27th, 8.45.

OPERA AT GLYNDEBOURNE:

DON GIOVANNI.—To-day, 21st, 6.45.
COSI FAN TUTTE.—Thurs., 22nd, and Fri., 23rd, 6.45.
MACBETH.—Sat., 24., 6.15.
NOZZE DI FIGARO.—Sun., 25th, 5.30, and Tues., 27th, 6.45.

D'OYLY CARTE AT SADLER'S WELLS:

COX AND BOX and THE SORCERER.—To-night, 21st, 8.
MIKADO.—Thursday, 22nd, 8.
GONDOLIERS.—Fri., 23rd, 8.
YEOMAN OF THE GUARD.—Sat., 24th, 2.30 and 8.
COX AND BOX and H.M.S. PINAFORE.—Mon., 26th, 8.
GONDOLIERS.—Tues., 27th, 8.

SPORT

ENGLAND V. WEST INDIES.—The first Test opens at Lord's, Sat., 24th.

WIMBLEDON.—The lawn tennis championships start at the All-England Club, Mon., 26th.

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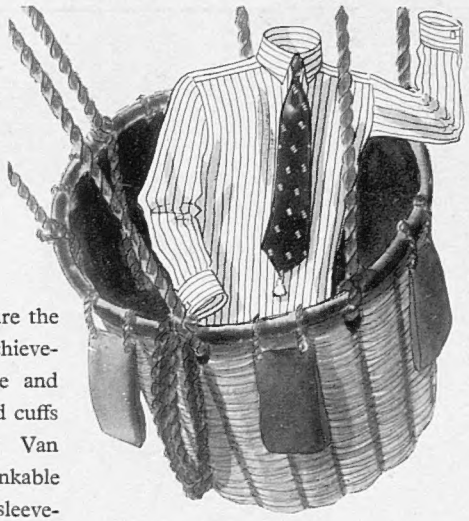

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